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THE new German cabinet has not been created to govern Germany but to give her breathing-space. Some government had to sign the treaty. This government will do it. After that? There is no reason to think that Bauer's cabinet can hold on. It has no new claim to popular allegiance. Müller, Schlicke and Meyer, the three new figures, were given their places because empty seats needed filling. Noske remains, to be sure—a successor to Ludendorff in the tactics of moving armies. But Noske has needed seven hundred thousand men to police Germany; and with the signing of peace he will lose more than two-thirds of that force. It is not to the present government that the future belongs. The new cabinet has spiritual and material strength for but one act, and that is to sign the peace.

WHATEVER government follows Bauer into power will inherit forces working almost irresistibly towards disintegration. With little hope of a better day tomorrow there is an increasing disposition in Germany to stop work or to do work half-heartedly. The Ruhr miners, Mr. H. N. Brailsford says, have worked barely half the period from November to May; by the end of April the coal mined in Germany had fallen to a fraction of the normal quantity. The double burden of war taxation and foreign tribute has made the chance of personally enjoying an appreciable profit seem slim indeed. In the first days after the Bauer cabinet has passed away there may come government under the Left Majority or the more moderate Independents. But the probable alternatives towards which Germany is headed are an extreme Socialist state or a period of chaos which, like the chaos in Russia, will invite both dictatorship and intervention.

WHY is General Petain ordered to command a new advance against the Hungarian Communists? A short time ago the Council of Four called upon Bela Kun to cease hostilities against the Rumanians and the Czechoslovaks. It is not clear that Hungary had been the aggressor, at least against Czechoslovakia. "In the liberated territories," says a dispatch to the New York Times, "that is, in the territories reconquered by Bela Kun, the Czechs had apparently made themselves generally hated, and in their retreat took with them many prisoners on the ground of their Hungarian nationalist sympathy; and there are the usual stories of shootings and plunderings of private property." Nevertheless the Hungarian government is reported to have offered a truce to both Czechoslovaks and Rumanians, and declared itself ready to evacuate all occupied territories and leave the final determination of boundaries to the Peace Conference. Why, then, a new offensive under Allied command? Either the Allies ought to make peace, when they ask other people to cease fighting. Or they ought formally to proclaim that they are at war with an undesirable economic system.

THERE are not many cries of regret because the German sailors at Scapa Flow opened the seacocks in their ships and sent the interned fleet to the bottom of the sea. A few champions of war at any price are crying for "due penalty." But Admiral Benson probably voices an average American opinion when he says: "There were many reasons why I did not think the vessels should be distributed after surrender, but overwhelming reasons why they should be sunk or destroyed." They have been sunk. Thus do we approach Point Four—a limitation of armaments.

WHEN did Mr. Wilson begin to lose faith in that republican Germany which his own promises had done so much to create? "It is difficult to say," Mr. Paul Scott Mowrer cables to the New York Globe from Paris, "but the transformation probably dates from his first actual encounter with the German delegation when Count von Brockdorff-Rantzau made himself conspicuous by failing to rise

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from his seat when he addressed the assembly. Those who stood close to President Wilson on that occasion remarked his astonishment. Leaning toward Clemenceau he gave expression to his surprise at what he apparently considered a bit of rudeness; whereupon the French Premier replied lightly: 'We are used to it. This is what we have been undergoing in Europe for the last twenty years.'"

THERE is a new political party in Ireland. "The Irish Dominion League" has been formed by men like Sir Horace Plunkett who do not favor a republic but who hope for a status within the empire similar to that of Canada. The new party will not have an easy time. A laggard government has let opinion drift far. Commenting on a recent declaration made by Mr. MacPherson, Chief Secretary for Ireland, the London Daily News says: "His statements scarcely conceal the fact that the present government of Ireland is purely a military occupation and that the bulk of the population is organized against it. The power of *Sinn Fein is written all over Mr. MacPherson's reply.*"

FOUR reports of the Coal Commission in England have now been published. Only one of them (from the owners) argues against nationalization. The report signed by Justice Sir John Sankey recommends immediate legislation for acquisition of the mines, with owners to receive just compensation. The report of the miners' representatives agrees generally with that of Justice Sankey, but objects to compensation being given, apart from allowances where small royalty owners are deprived of their livelihood. It also objects to provisions that would require the miners not to combine to cease work until a question in dispute has been put before appropriate councils. The fourth report, from Sir Arthur Drickham, recommends state acquisition of the entire mineral rights of the country, and the establishment of a Ministry of Mines with Labor on its directorate. Early nationalization of the mines is coming; the debatable issues are the methods of acquiring and operating them.

THE American Federation of Labor Convention came out boldly for democracy in the schools. In its report the Committee on Education declared: "It is necessary to ask this convention to indorse with all its power the principle that men and women, in becoming teachers, do not thereby surrender their rights as American citizens, and that inquisition by school authorities into the personal, religious, political, and economic views of teachers is intolerable in a free country, strikes at the basis of our public school system and can result only in the development of mental and moral servility and the stultification of teachers and pupils alike." This report the Convention accepted unanimously.

ACTION taken by the Federation in respect to Russia represents a compromise. Three resolutions were offered by delegates at the Atlantic City Convention. One called for lifting the blockade. A second demanded the withdrawal of troops. And the third proposed a referendum of the federated unions on the question of recognizing the Soviet government. The committee to which these resolutions were referred offered a substitute that called for the withdrawal of troops, and asked that no regime in Russia be granted recognition until a Constituent Assembly had been held. Of the blockade no mention was made, though the question of its maintenance is now the centre of the Russian "problem." Efforts at amendment failed, and the committee's resolution was adopted.

IT has been reported that when Mr. Wilson got back to domestic issues he intended calling a national industrial conference. Independent of Presidential action a bill providing for such a conference has now been introduced in both houses of Congress. Ten representatives of capital and ten of labor are proposed. The conference is instructed to work for an "amelioration of differences between capital and labor, friendly solution of social and economic problems, and a general improvement of conditions of labor." Presumably its discussion would cover questions of compulsory arbitration, of collective bargaining, industrial management, wage adjustments, hours, and the division of profits. Several of the men named in the bill as spokesmen of labor are outside the A. F. of L., and this point was attacked at the Atlantic City Convention.

A SHORT time ago the New York Times sang the praises of Samuel Gompers. "He has steadily opposed the setting apart of workingmen as a class . . . sober voice . . . against extreme radicalism . . . against labor pacifism. . . . With health and strength restored and a sagacity and courage that have not failed him, Mr. Samuel Gompers"—and much more. But even between affinities a cloud can drift. The A. F. of L., Mr. Gompers agreeing, has attacked the courts and announced that it will defy injunctions. "It seems," says the Times, "that the Federation revives events which would willingly be forgotten, in consideration of many instances of self-restraint and good conduct on the part of unions under irritation." Which is the Times' way of stating: "Sam, we have been saying that you were the greatest slayer of Bolshevism in the world; but you've got off your stool, and it now becomes our painful duty to tell you you're something of a Bolshevik yourself."

AMONG government officials and journalists in Mexico City the dispatch of American troops across the border into Juarez seems to have caused no resentment. General Aguilar has assured the State Department that the Carranza government has begun concentration of troops in northern Mexico for a campaign against the Villistas, and that American citizens in Chihuahua have been given protection. The State Department has also announced that Mexican newspapers print a telegram from Carranza to General Aguilar, in Washington, advising him to consider the Juarez incident closed. This is an ending that promises a continuance of good faith between the two governments.

MANY of the New York newspapers are impressed with the material collected in a raid on the headquarters of the Russian Soviet Mission, two weeks ago. "Find Soviet Envoy Aided Socialists and I. W. W. Here"—says a headline on page 1 of the New York Times. Hurried readers may gather that the Mission was involved in a bomb plot. The assistance given to the I. W. W. by the Mission—so far as any documents yet printed in the newspapers show

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(more may come, of course)—has actually consisted of efforts on its part to get certain alien radicals sent back to their homes in Russia. From the stir made by the newspapers you might think that this wasn't the very thing that they too have been trying to get done.

AMONG the papers seized in this raid on the Soviet Mission was a list (to use a phrase coined by Mr. Archibald Stevenson) "of radicals, liberals and apologists for radicals and liberals" to whom Soviet press matter was sent. On that list, we hope not in the class of apologists for radicals and liberals, appear the names of a New Republic editor and a New Republic contributor. If material of this sort is interesting to Mr. Stevenson may we not say that we also receive press matter from the prohibitionists, the anti-prohibitionists, the trade-unionists, the anti-trade unionists, the National Soviet Anarchists, the National Civic Federation, and even from Admiral Kolchak himself?

AMERICAN financiers have for some time been urging the extension of long term credits to Europe. The Federal Reserve Board has recently discussed this question, in consultation with different bankers, and has now determined to recommend to Congress the enactment of legislation that would enable national banks to invest not more than 5 per cent of their capital in European securities, until January 1, 1921. By such a plan an annual maximum of $100,000,000 would be available.

DR. BORODIN, a new emissary to the United States from Admiral Kolchak, has asked that American troops be used in the fight to stamp out Bolshevism. How many young Americans are anxious to go to Russia for that purpose? General March states that of 14,000 recent volunteers who specified the duty to which they would like to be sent, just 40 chose Siberia. This is a little less than a third of one per cent. And a little less than a third of one per cent is a fair estimate of American interest in serving as advance guards for a restoration of Russian monarchy.

Our Case Against the Soviet Republic

IT is time that we insisted upon a frank discussion of our real case against the Soviet Republic. Are its ideals and its policies so monstrous, so abhorrent to humanity, that on this account alone we who dealt with diplomatic correctness with the Tsar and the Sultan are morally bound to invade Russia to overthrow it by force, or what amounts to the same thing, to give material aid to opposing Russian factions who undertake to overthrow that government? Or if the humanitarian ground is not adequate to justify so great a departure from our traditions, are there additional grounds in self-preservation? The Soviet Republic is a communistic experiment; does the fact of its existence menace our own institutions? Is there any inherent impossibility in the coexistence of communistic and bourgeois states in the same world? The Elder Statesmen may think there is, just as the Elder Statesmen of the Holy Alliance thought that it was impossible for republics and monarchies to coexist. Elder Statesmen are not infallible, and we may be permitted to prefer the facts and the logic of the situation to their authority, however venerable.

Whether the ideals of the Soviet Republic are of a character that can be tolerated by other governments is a question that turns mainly upon the forecasts we can form as to the solution of the problems of life and labor under communism. How will the Soviet Republic meet the requirement of organizing production efficiently? That consideration is crucial. Much more depends upon it than upon considerations of the present attitude of the Bolsheviki toward property, democracy or anything else. They have confiscated property and substituted dictatorship for democracy. That, to the amateur revolutionist, has often seemed almost the whole work of revolution. But Lenin and his followers recognize that these are merely initial destructive acts, without any justification except in so far as a new productive system can be substituted for that founded upon private property and a new political system expressive of the general will for that of constitutional democracy. It is easy to dissolve a Constituent Assembly if you have the guns. It is easy to take a factory or a mine away from its owner. What is difficult is to devise a new political scheme which will offer more direct control of government than the traditional democratic scheme. And it is still more difficult to make the factories and mines go on turning out products in sufficient volume to meet the people's needs. So strongly have earlier communistic thinkers been impressed by this difficulty that they have often counselled a return to the more primitive condition of the self-sufficing community. Let men live simply, work hard and take their compensation in the joys of community life. The Bolsheviki are guilty of no such evasion. They accept without reservation the requirement of substituting for the old order a new one in which the average man will have more goods and better goods, as well as a shorter working day and more decent working conditions. The mere redistribution of income will not achieve this end. Production must be made more efficient.

It may be said that after all this is not so difficult a task as it seems because production in Russia under the old order was notoriously inefficient. Sixty per cent of the Russian people were chronically under-fed. A larger proportion were miserably clad and lived in hovels unfit for brute beasts. Hours of labor were excessive and the physical conditions of employment abominable. Organized intelligence ought to be able to better such a situ-

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ation. But in the long run communistic Russia, if it survives, must be able to meet comparisons not merely with the hideous old Russia so fondly regretted by the expatriated aristocrats, but also with the more enlightened "bourgeois" industrial states.

What brought western Europe and America to the present level of material welfare, as the Bolshevik leaders well know, being adepts at economic history, were mainly three forces, all of which the Soviet Republic proposes to dispense with. They are the practice of private thrift with the consequent accumulation of capital; the pursuit of profits, with the consequent intense application of intelligence to the problems of market organization and the utilization of improved processes of production; and pecuniary emulation in the non-propertied classes, which offered the means of labor discipline, such as we know it. Under the Bolshevik plan of organization no private individual will have any reason for practicing thrift, except to maintain a reserve of consumables and articles of personal use. Profits, though they may be admitted exceptionally in the period of transition, can have no place when the system is under way. Also, during the period of transition, exceptional wages may be paid for exceptional service. But that equality of rewards is the definite ideal of the Bolsheviki is strikingly proved by the fact that the people's commissars, instead of wallowing in oriental luxury, as the anti-Bolshevik propaganda has charged, actually draw from the treasury no more than artisan's wages. They do not mean to gauge wages according to the importance of the work done.

What do the Bolsheviki intend to substitute for the economic motive forces they seek to eliminate? So far as thrift is concerned, the case is relatively simple. The Bolsheviki are taking their cue from modern corporate practice, which relates the accumulation of capital directly to the productive process. If the Steel Corporation wishes to establish a new plant it does not pass the hat among peanut venders and garment workers for small savings at five per cent. Instead, it dips a great scoop into its own current profits. A nationalized industry can do the same, provided it produces a surplus. Thus we are brought squarely to the problem of efficiency of production. What is the guarantee of efficiency, with profit taking and differential rewards for labor put out of the question?

Accounting will do the job, says Lenin. Every commune, every industrial plant, will keep accurate accounts of all operations. Thus it will be possible for the communistic administrators to tell at a glance where work is going on efficiently and where it is down at the heel. A commune which is getting small returns for its effort may address an inquiry as to methods to the communes that show extraordinary results. There will be no object as under a competitive regime in concealing the secrets of efficiency. Perhaps this idea also is derived from the practice of our American trusts. At any rate, in a well managed trust, accounting, the sharing of information as to methods and emulation between units, lies at the basis of efficiency. But in the case of the American trusts there is another element that furnishes the motive power without which accountancy is only dead mechanism. That is the reward for efficiency, which may be dazzling. The head of a steel mill who can cut down the cost of steel a few cents a ton has a future before him. What has the Bolshevik plan to take the place of this incentive?

A consciousness of work well done; citation in the official bulletins or something of the sort. But if that fails, as it may well do unless human nature is much more generous than most of us are willing to assume—what then? Compulsion; punishment. The writings of Lenin, it may be observed, are fairly bristling with ideas of penalties and compulsion. Communes that persist in turning in bad records are to be "blacklisted"; what that may mean in a world of close communistic organization it is uncomfortable to imagine. Individuals who fail to come up to standards are "loafers," "saboteurs," "traitors." There is compulsion enough under the "bourgeois" system, Heaven knows. Demotion and discharge are perennially suspended swords. But when you are demoted you still probably have a living; when you are discharged, you can find other employment, usually inferior. What would become of you under a system in which there were no lower grades for demotion, no other employments for a refuge? That is not all. Under the "bourgeois" system, if you fail to deliver the goods it is chiefly your own affair. You may be pitied or despised but you are not loathed. Under a communistic system your lapses are everybody's affair. Is it not easy to conceive the growing up of a net work of mutual interferences binding the whole personnel of industry together in a misery of irritation? Civilization has worked incessantly for aeons trying to teach us to let one another alone, to respect one another's personality. What likelihood is there that this work would not be undone?

Small communistic societies have always been distinguished by the grinding of personality upon personality. There is no obvious reason why large communistic societies should not work the same way. But perhaps this grinding will be confined to work hours and that for the rest of the time one would be free? No, that is not believable. Is the communistic state to permit activities, expressions

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of opinion that in the view of the chief or of the majority hark back to the "bourgeois" state? Too much is at stake for the communistic state. Therefore Lenin and his followers frankly admit their intention of controlling the press, of shaping popular education to communistic ends. For the "bourgeois" freedom of thought, of speech, of inquiry, of experiment, Lenin has no more respect than have Senator Knute Nelson, Ralph Easley, Archibald Stevenson, the New York Times or the New York public school authorities. Bolsheviks or Junkers, they are equally the enemies of personal liberty. But here is a difference, and it is vital. It is only under the lethargy of spent war spirit, under the panic engendered by the appearance of unfamiliar ideas, that we tolerate our heresy hunters. They are bound to sink through discredit into oblivion. Our industrial and social structure rests upon an infinite number of separate pillars of private initiative and we shall presently return to our pristine confidence that it can't be blown over with a breath; that in fact the more it is criticized the more solidly it will stand. A communistic society rests upon the single column of the organized common will. That will cannot be permitted to dissolve under the impact of criticism. Heresy hunting, instead of being a temporary aberration or diversion, as with us, bids fair to become an essential part of the communistic structure.

The ideal of Lenin, if realized, does not appear to us a beautiful ideal. What then? Do we regard the actual economic and social system as an ideal more beautiful? A comparison would be futile; we are not content with existing conditions and we know of no one so fatuous as to be content with them. But they are susceptible of improvement in ways that involve no sacrifice of the values that have been won through centuries of struggle. We do not wish to sacrifice "bourgeois" personal freedom; we wish to see it universalized. We do not wish to sacrifice the economic security that attaches to the possession of property. We wish to extend economic security to labor as well. We do not wish to reduce the scope of individual initiative, the control of the business organizer over his own fate. We wish to enlist labor in the work of control; we wish the counsel and will of labor to play upon the problem of the fate of a business and the prosperity of its personnel. As we see it, real progress is making along the road surveyed by British labor and followed, at a distance that will rapidly diminish, by our own organized workmen. We are not tempted by the road broken by Lenin, and, as we see it, there is small chance of any large fraction of American opinion moving by that road. So far as Leninism makes any appeal, except to a limited number of convinced communists, it is the appeal of the unknown, which will lose its effectiveness as soon as our governments and ruling class press abandon the incredibly stupid, arbitrary, timid policy of treating the Russian Bolshevik organization as an ideal so seductive as to draw to itself everybody who is permitted to know anything about it but lies.

But if the communistic state of the Bolsheviki does not promise a solution of the social problem as satisfactory as is promised by peaceful evolution in the more advanced industrial nations, why are we not bound to go into Russia and break up the experiment? Partly because it is not our business to go crusading for our particular conception of political and social organization. And partly because we shrink from the alternative; absolute imperialism, thinly disguised, perhaps, under a limited form of constitutionalism. From the dictatorship of Kolchak, it may be urged, some progress toward freedom and social justice might be made, in the course of decades and generations. However deep the reaction, the democratic forces must in the end reassert themselves. True, but the same argument applies to the Bolshevik régime. They have made compromises with profit seeking business men, with experts, with the cooperative societies, with the peasant landowners. They recognize that once it is no longer possible to throw the blame for famine and industrial prostration upon the counter-revolution and the Allied blockade, they will have to make additional compromises, whatever may be necessary to set the productive machine in motion and keep it working efficiently. They are drifting steadily to the right, to put the matter in continental political parlance. Let them alone, and their communistic state will offer illuminating evidence as to the limits of communism.

But that is to assume that during the process of evolution toward a stable order they do not present a serious menace to our own institutions. Have they not set for themselves the goal of universal communism? Perhaps. So also Americans used to talk glibly of universal democracy. We find it a sufficient task to keep democracy alive at home. The Bolsheviki will have to make communism work in Russia before their example can win sufficient converts in the western world to signify.

Must they win converts by proof of success, however? Have we not experience with the achievements of their propaganda? Bolshevik propaganda has indeed had its successes. It appears to have sapped German morale on the eastern front, with its argument that the German government was fighting a war of conquest against Russia. That was what the German government was actually doing. Bolshevik propaganda appears to have weakened French morale in the Odessa

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punitive expedition, with the argument that the soldiers of free France had no business there. What business did they have in South Russia? Bolshevik propaganda is arousing the working classes of France, Italy and England against the governmental policy of intervention in Russia, and against the blockade. The argument is that such policies are inhuman, counter-revolutionary, imperialistic. What else are they, in Heaven's name? What the facts prove is merely that the Bolsheviki can argue cogently when we give them the right side of the argument. Nothing more.

America has no case against the Soviet Republic that justifies intervention, direct or indirect, for its overthrow. Its ideals are not ours; its objects do not inspire us with confidence; its methods cannot be approved, but can only be condoned as no worse than the methods that would be applied by the counter-revolution if it came into power. That the Soviet Republic, by its example or by propaganda, can actually menace our own institutions appears to us absurd. Only those can believe this who consider the Soviet Republic actually a superior political form, or who consider the democratic masses of America so irresponsible and lacking in political sense that the only way to keep them from rushing headlong after an illusion is to destroy the material embodiment of that illusion, the visible proof of its unworkableness. And if the Soviet Republic, fighting for its life against its own defects, exerts an influence upon men's minds, what guarantee is there that the Soviet Republic, done to death by a panic-stricken mob of Elder Statesmen, will not exert a greater influence? Let Soviet Russia alone. Let her failure so far as she must fail be upon her own head, not upon ours.

The Awakening in Italy

WHAT the Italian expansionists have threatened ever since opposition developed in the Peace Conference to Italy's extreme claims has now happened. The government has fallen, and Orlando and Sonnino will retire to private life to lick the wounds their personal ambitions have suffered. They had traded in promises that could not possibly be made good. They knew it months ago, they knew that bankruptcy was hot in pursuit of them, but they hoped to stave it off until after the signing of the peace. It is better for Italy that this hope was frustrated. Perhaps it is not yet too late for a wise and moderate political leader like Francesco Nitti to save Italy from the slough of internal disorganization and disorder toward which she was plunging under the guidance of the imperialistic gamblers of the late government.

In the present crisis Italian statesmanship is confronted by two chief tasks, each of formidable difficulty. The first is to satisfy the nationalistic aspirations which have grown up during the war; the second is to relieve the terrible crisis of unemployment and dearth that is crushing the life out of the Italian masses. Realization of national aspirations appears paramount to the upper classes. The officers of the army and navy, the majority of the writers and editors, the landed interests and a considerable part of the mercantile interests feel that perhaps the last opportunity for creating a new imperial Italy will have lapsed unless Dalmatia, Fiume and the whole of Istria are annexed. The official propaganda has done its work thoroughly with these classes. They may recognize that the annexation of Slavic lands would involve a never ending quarrel with the Jugo-Slavs, and perhaps eventually with a new Danubian Confederation. Heavy military budgets and large armies would be required through an indefinite period, to keep the unwilling population of the annexed lands in subjection. The Italian taxpayers and Italian industry, at best burdened almost beyond endurance, would be still more heavily burdened. The expansion of Italian trade in the Balkan field, one of the most promising possibilities of Italian economic recuperation, would be blocked by Slavic hostility. Those are some of the items in the price that Italy would pay for the greatness that attends dominion. The Italian upper classes are willing to pay the price.

Not so the masses. They have been subjected to systematic propaganda through four years and no doubt have been awakened to a sentimental interest in the Dalmatian crags and the goat pastures of western Istria. But they want work and decent wages and cheap food. The government must procure these or the masses will very soon be ripe for revolution. The government must bring into the country coal, raw materials, and food supplies to the value of hundreds of millions of dollars. It must accomplish this before another winter sets in. The work is one that requires time, and the months are few. But, above all, it requires credit. England, and especially America, must extend credit to Italy, if not to the government, to the industrial enterprises and the mercantile community. But credit will not be given to a country led by political gamblers along the road of an imperialistic adventure that disregards the dangers of bankruptcy and revolution. We may be quite sure that international finance, goaded into action by the menace of socialism, has played an important part in replacing the government of Orlando by that of Nitti.

The Nitti government may be equal to the task.

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But, it must be admitted, that government does not appear to be riding very securely on the current of Italian political forces. What is Nitti's backing? All the imperialists are against him. Because it is certain that he will abate Italy's claims, he is attacked as a renegade by the more violent nationalists like d'Annunzio. His earlier association with Giolitti serves as a basis for the charge that his policy of reconciliation with the Slavs is part of a Giolittist intrigue of creating a substitute for the old alliance with Germany. That in spite of the fact that the anti-Slav propaganda in Italy was originally set in motion by the Giolittists with a view to advancing the interests of the Germans. The Socialists are keeping aloof from Nitti. They regard his government as a temporary dyke thrown up against socialism. Thus Nitti lacks the support of the two most active elements in Italian political life. He must depend for survival upon the mutual interferences of the two extremist parties and the active cooperation of the silent middle classes which do not want to move forward either to imperialism or to socialism. But those classes are not well organized politically, and must be pretty broken spirited and lethargic after the heavy drain of life and wealth in the war.

It is then an open question whether Italy has not awakened from her dream of empire too late to establish herself under the moderate regime of Nitti. Very likely another readjustment will follow at no great interval, a readjustment that will throw the government much further to the left. In this drift Italy is not likely to remain alone. The governments of France and England also have outstanding promises that can not be kept. Politically they are insolvent. With them, as it was with Italy, the question is one of time. Their hope is to remain unshaken until the European settlement is completed. After that the deluge would not come upon them unawares.

This Peace

THERE was an armistice on the western front in November. Some day there will be peace in Europe. But if the elements of that peace lie hidden in the Treaty of Versailles, they are deeply hidden, and only the unceasing vigilance and activity of men will uncover them. The government which signs for Germany is a dummy government. The governments which sign for the European Allies will be repudiated within a very short time. Orlando is gone. Clemenceau is going. Lloyd George is on his way. The men who have held the destiny of the world in their hands can barely survive the peace they have made.

Why? Has not each fought strenuously and successfully for a little more than could be extracted from a beaten and broken foe? Has there been any limit to the demands made beyond the physical limit of what the traffic would bear? And yet the peoples are not satisfied. The men who have made the most drastic treaty in modern history are going back to their peoples, not to triumph, but to political defeat. They have made a peace which satisfies every demand of the most extreme nationalism that was not plumb crazy. They have put millions of people under alien rule at the behest of their militarists and their jingoes. They have got the enemy's signature to a check which they can fill out at their leisure. They have the power to keep that enemy's commerce from reviving. They have utterly disarmed him. They have excluded him from the society of nations, and his admission is subject to their veto. And for thanks, unpopularity, criticism and impending defeat. There need be no illusion that this is due entirely to a knowledge of what this peace means, though all over the world there is an uneasy conscience about it. No, the makers of this peace are going down to defeat as much because they got too little as because they took too much. They are assailed as much from the right as from the left, by those who wanted super-indemnities and still larger annexations, and still more punishment, fully as much if not more than by those who wanted self-determination and the spirit of the Wilson promise.

Why should this be? Why is it that appetites are loose which threaten the very statesmen who have worked so hard to feed them? The reason is this. The war began in western Europe as a war for the sanctity of a treaty. The symbol of the Allied cause for the simple people of the world was Belgium. They fought that such faithlessness should never again occur. But the war which began so gloriously was a war against the greatest army that was ever known. To wage that war allies and more allies had to be obtained, and old allies that were wavering conciliated with tangible promises. So the war to sanctify treaties became also a war to execute the secret treaties. Even then, the war went badly. The contents of the secret treaties leaked, and then ensued weariness and cynicism about the sanctity of treaties. At that critical moment German imperialism went mad and dragged America into the war. Here was a new and great ally. Here too was a voice preaching the original gospel for which men died at Mons and on the Marne. Here was an end of stagnation in the trenches and of stagnation in diplomacy. The war was won, and in the contract which terminated it those principles which had lifted nations out of themselves were affirmed.

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That was the critical moment in modern history. The day of the armistice the peoples stood at a juncture. Along one road lay the glory and honor and the abounding hope of that peace which the world had called an Allied peace. Along the other lay bargains, seizures, vengeance, panic and distrust. For a few weeks there was no leadership, but there was subtle and poisonous propaganda for a cynical peace. Still there was hesitation, and when Mr. Wilson arrived in Europe a clean peace was possible.

If only those politicians at Paris had understood. They did not. Instead of focussing men's minds on that greater good for which they had gone on crusade, the leaders adjourned to a private room, and left the leaderless people of Europe to be exploited by every jingo and demagogue abroad. Instead of setting before the people the ideal that a given pledge is sacred, they haggled, allowed the issue to be confused, and passions of all kinds unleashed. For four years they had seen that the only thing men willingly die for is an idea they respect. In the hour of victory they frittered away this idea, and at the pinnacle of the world exhibited cynicism in action. That is the unpardonable thing they have done. At a time when the whole foundation of society was threatened, when the bonds of unity were frayed, it was the duty of those statesmen to show the world a supreme respect for law. That was when the answer to lawlessness should have been given, there, when all men were looking at the focus of human power. They had a chance such as never came to other men to fix by example in the minds of people the precept that the honor of a government is great enough to resist its insidious desires. Victorious powers, masters of the earth, bowing to the righteousness they had themselves proclaimed, what a spectacle that would have been for the tired hearts of men. For men are great when they are greatly led. And greatness in Paris, yes even revenge in Paris, consisted of such utter good faith as the enemy had never dreamed of.

None of this happened, and there will be those who say it could not have happened. Neither could the incredible sacrifice and heroism of this war have happened—until it happened. Who knew that peasants and clerks would come from New Zealand to die in Flanders for the liberty of a small people? Who could have known it, until men did it? Well, who can know what kind of peace the peoples were capable of, since no one gave them the lead? And so the war which was initiated by the violation of a treaty ends with loud assertions that the enemy would have done worse, had he had the chance.

Because the central purpose of the peace has been lost sight of, there is no real rejoicing in the world this week. Everywhere doubt, uncertainty, reservations. For those who refuse to despair, the intention to work for those essential changes which alone can convert this treaty into a peace. Above all no pretense. No attempt to prove that black is white, or that the Fourteen Points have inspired this peace. No smooth phrases. No mere lofty abstractions. This treaty is full of peril and obscure obligation, and even that a minimum of stability should come out of it, requires the realistic administration of men who understand what it means. It cannot be salvaged by the rhetoric of any statesman returning from Paris. If Mr. Wilson is to play fair with the American people, he will talk in prose when he arrives.

Fashions in Propaganda

WE used to assume that effectiveness in propaganda consisted in endless repetition. Float a statement, however absurd, and keep it floating; in the end it will sound so familiar that it will have the feeling of truth. But we were mistaken. As anyone can now see for himself, if he will examine the various alien propagandas that have been applied to us, the more effective exhibit a high degree of versatility. The Italian imperialist propaganda relied on repetition of the same elements: Italy's sacrifice in war. Italy's natural, geographic, geologic, botanical, historical boundaries. The argument went stale. But the Russian anti-Bolshevik propaganda is ever new and various. Observe its succession of fashions.

At first when we were in a white heat of hatred against the Germans we were asked to proscribe the Bolsheviki because they were alleged to be under German influence. But we were not asked to proscribe the White Finns or the Ukrainian reactionaries, far more evidently under German influence. Next an attempt was made to play upon our instincts of civil order. The Bolsheviki were "anarchists," although they were at the very time scourging the real anarchists out of the Soviets. Then for months an atrocity campaign was conducted against them. And they were in fact guilty of atrocities. They put men and women to death in large numbers, some on sufficient grounds, most, we believe, on insufficient grounds. They meant to strike terror into the hearts of their opponents. They deliberately added death to their stock of implements for attaining their political objects. That is horrible. But who are we to cry out against it; we who are helping to maintain against Russia a blockade which kills in a week more persons, and much more innocent persons, than the Bolsheviki killed through the whole period of the

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terror? We are using death as a political device, using it with a vengeance. We may be justified, but whether we are or not, our mouths are stopped from exploiting the charge of terrorism against anyone else. That is, if we are honest.

When it became evident to the masters of anti-Bolshevik propaganda that the atrocity campaign was turning stale in a world surfeited with atrocities, they conceived a new strategy. The English-speaking peoples, according to the continental view, are perfect fools on the subject of morality. Perhaps that nerve could be tweaked. Hence for weeks they exploited the vile lie about the nationalization of women. They exploited it until there was no kick left in it. They have tried since to stir us to action on the ground that the Bolsheviki are persecuting the Church, but since all they can prove is that the Bolsheviki have separated Church and State and secularized education, we remain cold. They have recently floated a canard that the Bolsheviki are deliberately corrupting the morals of the children. Boys and girls are required to attend the same schools, and there are school dances—ahem! Well, we know something about coeducation and are not greatly disturbed. Finally they are appealing to our cupidity. They point out to us the concessions available, the trade within our grasp, when "order is restored in Russia." Only recently certain banks, trustees for Russian loans raised in the United States, have announced that temporarily no interest would be paid on them. But Kolchak may be expected to do something about it later. At the same time it was announced that Kolchak expected to spend the bulk of $180,000,000 in America on arms and munitions. Where will he get the $180,000,000? In America, of course. But we will get the profits.

What is there about our appearance, our manners, our speech, that makes these canny counter-revolutionary propagandists think that we can be played for suckers? In their show windows they place an endless succession of attractive goods. They look all right until you turn them over to examine the seamy side; and before we get a chance to do this they are retired. On the inside of their shop they have just one kind of goods, and that they keep in a safe which not even Archibald Stevenson could blow open. What is it? The Tsar restored; offices and lands returned to the aristocrats; the peasant happy once more under the knout, the class conscious proletariat adorned with "Stolypin's neckties." Why are they not frank enough to put that in the show window instead of all the succession of bogus samples? Why do they assume that we would not buy? We know a good thing when we see it, even if we haven't the nice subtlety of these Russian dealers in fine wares.

Mr. Root Takes the Lead

THE Knox resolution exhibited the Senate groping darkly for a chance to consider the responsibilities of the Covenant "without coercion from the necessities of speedy peace." As tactics the resolution was a failure because it came too late, as statesmanship it was confused because it did not distinguish the guarantees from the consultative machinery of the League, as partisanship it was in bad taste because it misrepresented the Covenant in certain important respects, and as a piece of thinking it was aimless because it did not recognize that the character of the peace must determine the character of the American guarantees. It mixed good and bad purposes together, and sought them in an awkward way. The awkwardness of the tactics was sufficient to defeat it; the mixture of purposes gave the whole manoeuvre a flavor of obstruction and party politics. It placed in a particular quandary those who felt an urgent need of reservations, believing that the American people as a whole did not realize the commitments now being made in their name, any more than they had realized the commitments made when the President was delivering his addresses.

Mr. Root's letter clears up a very confused situation, for it establishes the principles under which the Senate can do something to improve the situation created at Paris. It scuttles the pretty little plan by which America as well as Germany has to sign on the dotted line. For Mr. Root has dispelled the really dangerous doctrine that an executive can reject legislative control by tangling up the matter sufficiently in an accomplished fact. Not only has he dispelled this, but he has adopted the procedure which is the only possible one under the circumstances, a procedure which can cut clean because it leaves what is good in the League intact. The Root letter has two phases. The first shows that guarantees can be detached from the structure of the League; the second describes what guarantees ought to be given and what guarantees ought not.

Mr. Root's interpretation of Article Ten is the same as that adopted in these columns. "It is not an essential or even an appropriate part of the provisions for a League of Nations to preserve peace. It is an independent and indefinite alliance which may involve the parties to it in war against powers which have in every respect complied with the provisions of the League of Peace. . . . It stands upon its own footing as an independent alliance for the preservation of the status quo." We realize that Lord Robert Cecil has denied that this is the correct interpretation, and we find many of our own

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friends denying it also. They say, as Lord Robert Cecil did the other day, that Article Ten merely insists that the status quo can be revised only by peaceful means. But they have not explained why it was inserted as a special article when there are specific safeguards in other parts of the covenants.

If the article adds nothing new, why is it there? And since it is there, and since the authors of the Covenant presumably did not merely wish to repeat themselves, what does it mean? It seems to mean that the status quo is reciprocally guaranteed. If it does mean that, then those who know what mistakes have been made in Paris and hope that the League will rectify them, must unite to defeat this article which may obstruct all hope of amendment. Surely if a lawyer of Mr. Root's experience pronounces the article "an independent alliance for the preservation of the status quo" every government in Europe that gains possession of titles and territories that do not justly belong to it, will so regard it. If Mr. Wilson did not intend to stereotype the status quo, he can hardly object to a resolution by the United States putting the matter beyond dispute.

Equally well taken is Mr. Root's point about the withdrawal clause. Though there ought to be no premium on secession, the plain fact is that European political conditions are so confused, that we shall do well to remain sufficiently independent to withdraw on two years' notice. The threat of withdrawal is perhaps the greatest argument America can use with Europe and particularly with Britain, and there is no good reason why it should be abandoned.

Mr. Root's third point about not relinquishing America's "traditional attitude towards purely American questions" suffers from the same vagueness which he so justly criticizes in Article Ten. He cannot mean, or at least he ought not to mean, that in this hemisphere the public law of the world does not operate. The American continents cannot be subject to one rule of right, and the rest of the world to another. The proper way to safeguard the beneficial part of the Monroe Doctrine is not to talk about a "traditional attitude," for as history shows that attitude has varied at different periods. The thing to do is to say openly that these continents are not open to political aggrandizement or to political colonization, and that any application of force under international law can be initiated only by the American nations and controlled by their ruling.

It should certainly not be an American purpose to establish a sphere of irresponsibility, but it is a just purpose to confine responsible action to the nations of North and South America. In this matter Mr. Root's position is dangerously reactionary, for it cannot be any part of our decent purpose in the world to offer Europe the rule of law, and to proclaim in America the rule of ascendency. There can be nothing under the Monroe Doctrine which is simply arbitrary—what is done in its name must be entirely responsible to the law of nations, and any plan to deny this must be resisted by all who have at heart the peace of the world.

Mr. Root recommends also an action, not part of the ratification, but parallel to it, by which the President is requested to propose periodic international conferences to define and strengthen public law. There will be, we imagine, no dispute as to the wisdom of this, nor any as to his suggestion, that when passion has cooled, the Covenant itself should be revised and improved.

Mr. Root has performed a real service, especially for those who have a genuine league of nations at heart. That incidentally he extricates his party out of a bad scrape is important only because it enables an opposition party to function sensibly at a time when an opposition party is needed. He has shown a way which is neither obstructive nor destructive, but in the best sense discriminating. If only discrimination can be applied also to the Monroe Doctrine section of his plan, we can be fairly well assured that the best course possible under the circumstances has been adopted.

America will be ratifying a covenant which, given a fair amount of good will, may permit of a continuous peaceful adjustment of international problems. She will not be pledging herself to the defense of injustice, and she will proclaim to the world her conviction that the Treaties of Versailles are a preliminary and not a final settlement.

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Anti-Bolsheviks: Mr. Lansing

MR. LANSING'S recognition of General Mannerheim's White-Guard Finnish government was revolutionary. It announced Mr. Lansing's adhesion to the analytical formulas of Karl Marx.

In Finland, in the spring of 1918, when the Finnish Civil War was over, the White-Guard Finnish government (of property-owners) was possessed of the persons of some 120,000 Red citizens as prisoners. The figure 120,000 is given out by the official White-Guard Finnish government Information Service in the United States.

The population of Finland is about 3,400,000. The population of Soviet Russia is about 86,000,000. The Red-Guard government of Russia, in order to equal the White-Guard government of Finland as a capturer of citizens, would have to find detention-quarters for 3,000,000 anti-Bolsheviks. If when Kolchak conquers Russia he can prove that Lenin ever had 3,000,000 prisoners, he will be a quite considerable performer in the arts of proof.

Among the 120,000 Red prisoners in Finland, some 15,000 were shot. An inquiry about them was made by a Finnish statesman—Judge V. Tanner. Judge Tanner is a Socialist but not a Red-Guard Socialist. He opposed the Civil War. He took no part in it. He was Finance Minister in the Finnish government created before the Civil War out of the elections of 1916. Mr. Frazier Hunt, of the Chicago Tribune, having visited Finland this year, reports Judge Tanner to be a man of high personal standing, and of excellent reputation for carefulness in speech.

Judge Tanner, with a committee, inquired into the shootings of Red prisoners, city by city and rural district by rural district throughout Finland. At Varkaus he found as follows:

There was a Red Terror at Varkaus before there was a White Terror. The Whites claim that during the Red Terror the Reds murdered six Whites. The Red Terror was in the midst of the Civil War. The Whites captured the city and restored peace. They then forthwith shot 120 workingmen, choosing them by standing a large number of workingmen in line and picking every tenth man. They threw the 120 bodies into the river by the pulp-mill. They then established courts-martial and shot some 15 workingmen a day for some time. By the end of three weeks they had shot 400 workingmen in the presence of their mothers and wives and children.

In December of 1918 the White-Guard Finnish government issued a certain amnesty. It was to White Guards. It was to those numerous White Guards who had shot Red prisoners without any trial, civil or military. All such White Guards were granted a permanent immunity from prosecution or punishment for any such acts.

Judge Tanner, in a Finnish court, on March 18, 1919, testified that:

"Altogether the number of the executed and of the murdered among the prisoners, on the basis of reports still very incomplete, is 15,817."

An English correspondent of the New Statesman of London, after a detailed study of the evidence, supported Judge Tanner. He said that "at Lahti 200 women were taken out early one morning in the second week of May and mowed down in a batch by machine-guns." He said that the total number of Reds executed or murdered was from 15,000 to 20,000.

Among the Reds left in prison many died from over-crowding and under-feeding. A report about them was written by Professor Robert Tigerstedt, a White, chief medical officer of the White-Guard government. Professor Tigerstedt speaks of space-accommodations amounting to one square yard per prisoner. He speaks of rations amounting to from 800 to 1,000 calories per day per prisoner—(a daily diet measurable to the non-scientists by the fact that an order of bacon and toast at a Childs restaurant is 975 calories). He says that in the prison-camp at Ekenas, without epidemics, the death-rate rose in the last part of July to 42 per thousand per week. He says:

"Such a death-rate is unheard-of. It can hardly have occurred even in the prisons of Tsardom."

We know about Red-Guard prisons in Russia through narratives by prisoners. We equally know about White-Guard prisons in Finland through narratives by prisoners. Here is an excerpt from one such narrative, out of a personal letter from a Red prisoner to a friend:

"All are sleeping on the bare floor. It is impossible to move at all. The old bed-clothes are some dirty rags, which have been gathered from the dumps of the fortress. Vermin of all kinds, including worms, are everywhere in evidence. No water may be used for washing one's body or clothes. We get moldy cabbage, a small piece of bread mixed with flax-seed, a putrid herring, or a kind of soup cooked of salted herring-heads. Many weeks go by when no bread at all is given. Men stagger about as if they were drunk. Their

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legs cannot carry the weight of their bodies. One may often see persons digging into the sewers, trying to fish out from the dirty fluid something edible. Not a grass is left in the area where the prisoners are permitted to move about. Everything has been devoured by the starving men. Great numbers lie hopelessly sick on the floor. Quite many have gone crazy from hunger, and they stroll about all day, mumbling to themselves."

The correspondent of the New Statesman says:

"The total number of prisoners who died between June and October from actual starvation cannot have been less than 13,000 nor probably more than 18,000."

His figures, both of deaths by execution and of deaths by starvation, are in round sum quite harmonious with the figures presented by a correspondent of the Philadelphia Public Ledger. On March 22nd, from Stockholm, a city in which Finnish news is copiously received and in which Finnish persons of all political parties are numerously present, this correspondent sent a cablegram saying:

"Out of the Finnish Red prisoners taken at the end of April [1918], or subsequently arrested, more than 30,000 men and women are dead."

In Finland, not only at Varkaus but elsewhere, before the White Terror there was indeed a Red Terror—and an atrocious one. It had in it all the passion of an actual state of open warfare between two armed factions. It was described, afterwards, on behalf of the Whites, by Dr. Henning Söderhjelm in a book entitled The Red Rebellion in Finland in 1918. This book was published under the auspices of the White-Guard government and was distributed by White-Guard officials. It counts the murders of Whites by Reds during the Red-White struggle. It counts them up to six hundred and twenty-four and then says that the total certainly exceeded one thousand.

The Whites avenged those one thousand murders. In peace, in quiet, in controlled camps, on prisoners disarmed and defenseless, they avenged those murders thirty fold.

The Red-Guard government of Russia, in order to equal the White-Guard government of Finland as an executioner and starver of political opponents in prison, would have to execute and starve 750,000 captured and incarcerated anti-Bolsheviks.

The Red-Guard government of Russia is bloody enough to excite our horror. The White-Guard government of Finland is bloody enough to excite our horror. Mr. Lansing's recognition of Mannerheim at Helsingfors—and non-recognition of Lenin at Moscow—can have nothing to do with horrors.

In Finland, besides killing Reds, the Whites disfranchised Reds. The correspondent of the Philadelphia Public Ledger says:

"One hundred thousand Socialist voters are dead or disfranchised."

The electorate of Finland is about 900,000. In the elections of 1916 the Socialists won a majority of seats in the Finnish Parliament. In March of 1919 Mannerheim had killed 30,000 Socialist voters; he had disfranchised 70,000 Socialist voters; and, further, he had obliged many thousands of Socialist voters to run away into exile in Russia.

He then held elections. The non-Socialist parties won 120 seats in the Parliament. The Socialists won 80. In spite of deaths, in spite of disfranchisements, in spite of banishments, and in spite of constant closings of Socialist periodicals and of Socialist assemblies, the Socialists won two-fifths of the seats.

Mannerheim's political party is the "Swedish party." It is openly monarchistic. Its newspaper, the Hufvudstadtsbladet of Helsingfors, on April 15, 1919, after the elections, expressed its contempt for the Parliament. It demanded that Mannerheim rule without the Parliament and keep the Parliament adjourned.

Mr. Lansing's recognition of Mannerheim—and non-recognition of Lenin—can have nothing to do with any theory to the effect that Mannerheim or Mannerheim's party or Mannerheim's election registry is democratic.

But Mannerheim's government is pro-Ally. It claims to be pro-Ally. Ossian Donner, Delegate of Mannerheim's government at London, speaks of the "pro-Ally regime of General Mannerheim."

But General Mannerheim's government has always *claimed* to be pro-Ally—or else pro-German.

On February 23, 1918, Dr. Julio N. Reuter was in the United States representing Mannerheim's government as "Commissioner." He said in the New York Times:

"There is no pro-German party in Finland."

On March 17, 1918—twenty-two days later—Judge Svinhufvud—next to Mannerheim the most prominent White of Finland—was in Berlin. He said in the Berliner Tageblatt:

"I wish to emphasize the fact that our country has always been one of the most pro-German."

Dr. Svinhufvud, in so far as his country consisted of White Guards, had enough evidence to go on.

The Finnish White-Guard government, on March 1, 1918, sent a telegram to the German Imperial Chancellor, saying:

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"On this day, when the Finnish 'chasseurs,' who have been drilled in Germany, are returning to their Fatherland, the government of Finland is sincerely impelled to express to His Majesty the German Emperor not only its admiration of the glorious deeds of the German people and their illustrious leader but also the gratitude, welling from the bottom of the heart of the Finnish people, for all that Germany has done for our country."

The Finnish "chasseurs" from Germany were succeeded by Germans from Germany. Mannerheim addressed them as follows:

"At the request of the Finnish government, detachments of Germany's victorious army have landed on Finnish soil to help us drive out the Bolsheviks. I am convinced that this brotherhood in arms will only serve to strengthen the friendship and confidence which Finland has always felt for Germany's great Kaiser and his mighty people. I hope that Finland's young army may become permeated with that lofty sense of duty which has served to create the greatness of the army of Germany. I bid Germany's brave warriors welcome to Finland."

Mr. Lansing's recognition of Mannerheim—and non-recognition of Lenin—can have nothing to do with antipathy to pro-Germans.

On September 22, 1918, Mr. Lansing addressed a note to all American diplomatic representatives abroad, protesting against the Terror in Russia. He protested against "ill-administered prisons" in Russia. He protested against "wholesale executions" in Russia. And he indicated his disapproval of the exclusion of the bourgeois from the electorate of Soviet Russia by saying that the United States wished to see Russia reconstructed "upon principles of democracy."

On May 7, 1919, Mr. Lansing had not yet protested against "ill-administered prisons" or against "wholesale executions" in Finland; but on that day, at Paris, after a consideration of Mannerheim's March elections, and after a conference of the Council of Foreign Ministers, Mr. Lansing said:

"In view of the fact that the people of Finland have established a representative government, the government of the United States declares that it recognizes the government so constituted."

It is the first open declaration of the class-war by the State Department of the United States. Mr. Lansing embraces bourgeois anti-democrats at Helsingfors and denounces proletarian anti-democrats at Moscow, and the soldiers of Mannerheim will now draw on American munitions factories for machine-guns with which they can go over into blockaded Soviet Russia and kill the soldiers of Lenin.

What has Americanism to do with foreign quarrels between rival groups of anti-democrats? Has Americanism been entirely Europeanized and Marxianized at Paris?

Karl Marx says to Mr. Lansing and to Mr. Wilson:

"You are bourgeois. The state, the international system of states, is the instrument of the bourgeois capitalistic class and will be used by you to promote bourgeois capitalistic class interests. You will recognize Mannerheim, no matter how murderous he may be, no matter how anti-democratic, no matter how pro-German. You will refuse to recognize Lenin, no matter how impossible it may be for you to prove him any more murderous, any more anti-democratic or any more pro-German than Mannerheim. Proof in such details as murder is irrelevant. The pertinent and binding fact is class."

Americanism says to Mr. Lansing and Mr. Wilson:

"Before you are bourgeois, you are men. We Americans came to America principally to escape from class-churches and class-governments. In little colonial congregations we moved toward seeing all men as self-governing citizens in the Christian commonwealth. We moved readily then toward seeing the state as the secular commonwealth of all men. So we grew into the transcendental hope that all conflicts of class might be assuaged in modes of peace to terms of consent through a common citizenship and through a common and inalienable membership in the body of humanity. Against the concept of class, not denying it but subordinating it, we raised imperfectly but in faith the concept of the indivisible human race. If we return to Europe for any purpose, we return for that purpose. You will deal with Mannerheim and with Lenin as men. Each of them can claim to have been compelled to his course by circumstance and by conscience. On their records, if you recognize Mannerheim, you will recognize Lenin; and if you do not recognize Lenin, you will not recognize Mannerheim. The pertinent and compelling fact is support of commonwealths of all men and neutral impartial recognition or neutral impartial non-recognition of commonwealths of classes."

Mr. Lansing and Mr. Wilson listened and chose. They chose to act in precise accordance with the concept of class. Their method of fighting Bolshevism is to accept Bolshevism's analysis of the class-nature of life and then hope to escape the cataclysm which an acceptance of that analysis necessitates.

WILLIAM HARD.

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Our Insolvent Railroads

ANY one who is trying to make up his mind as to the policy the government should adopt toward the railroads of the United States will need to understand a few relatively simple financial facts drawn from the current railroad statistics of the Interstate Commerce Commission and the Railroad Administration. It is now well known that financial considerations, more than any other, induced President Wilson and Secretary McAdoo to take over the railroads a year and a half ago. The government's guarantee of earnings staved off what would very soon have developed into an acute and widespread financial catastrophe. Questions of unified control, of freedom from legal restraint, of operating efficiency, were no doubt important, but they were incidental. The controlling factor was the financial one. For the future also, the crucial problem will be financial, the problem of rescuing the railroad system from its present state of semi-insolvency, and of procuring enough new capital to assure its steady functioning and normal growth. How crucial, indeed how desperate this problem is, a few figures will show.

Stated briefly, it is a case of vanishing net earnings due to mounting costs and decreasing business, superimposed on a financial structure which even before the war was growing progressively weaker and more unstable.

That the railroads were in an unstable financial condition when the United States entered the war, will be apparent from an examination of the ratio of bonded indebtedness to total capitalization during the period immediately before that date. This ratio is significant, both as a symptom and as a cause of financial weakness. A soundly financial railroad will try to keep its bonded indebtedness well under 50 per cent of its capitalization. Professor Ripley believes that the percentage should be only 40. The reason is elementary. Net income will necessarily fluctuate much from year to year. Bumper crops, industrial and commercial activity, and fair weather will bring large incomes; crop failures, business stagnation and severe storms or floods will bring small incomes. Now interest on bonds must always be met—if there is a default, the road is insolvent; but dividends on stock can be reduced or suspended without serious consequences. The amount normally paid out in dividends or put away in surplus is therefore the margin of safety which separates the railroad from insolvency. In proportion as the bond issue with its inescapable fixed charges increases, this margin of safety narrows, and if it shrinks beyond a certain point, there is constant danger that one of the recurrent periods of meager earnings will wipe it out completely, and throw the road into receivership.

In 1900, if we average up all the railroads of the country, somewhat less than 50 per cent of the net outstanding capital of the railroads was in bonds. At the beginning of 1917, 62 per cent was in bonds. This includes, be it noted, the strong and the weak roads alike. It is the average for the whole system. If 62 per cet was the average, it is apparent that a very substantial amount of the railroad mileage of the country was, at the beginning of the year in which the United States entered the war, heavily over-bonded, and that a serious reduction in net earnings would lead many of the railroads perilously near to a default on interest.

This large proportion of funded indebtedness was a leading cause of financial instability. It was also a symptom of a more fundamental weakness. The reason railroads had been resorting to further borrowings, instead of issuing new stock, was that for a great majority of them new stock was unsalable. Under the laws of virtually all the states, a railroad may not issue stock below par, and with few exceptions their stock was not worth par. Mr. Paul Warburg, in an address last February, estimated that there were only about ten railroads of importance that could sell their stock above par. Even as conservatively managed a road as the Pennsylvania Railroad Company has not been able to issue new stock for more than six years. For reasons to which I will return later, the American investors cannot be persuaded to invest in railroad stock.

Such was the condition of railroad credit when the railroads were taken over by the government—a condition which even the unprecedented volume of railroad traffic in 1916 and 1917 had scarcely improved. The terms of the railroad control act, by guaranteeing to the companies the average net operating income of the three years preceding June 30, 1917, held financial matters more or less in statu quo. Since then the corporate income account has left nothing to be desired. It is when we look at the federal income account, containing the record of receipts and expenditures of the Railroad administration, that the situation appears in its true colors.

On the whole the most satisfactory rough test of railroad operations from the financial standpoint is the so-called "operating ratio," the percentage which the operating expenses bear to the operating

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receipts. It reflects relative increases or decreases in receipts or expenditures. While the situation on different roads and for different conditions of traffic will vary, as a general rule for an average road the operating ratio should in a normal year be between 60 and 65, in other words the operating expenses should be from 60 to 65 per cent of the operating revenues. The remaining 35 to 40 per cent should be available for taxes, fixed charges, dividends and surplus. In the year ending June 30, 1914, an unfavorable year, the ratio for all the railroads making returns to the Interstate Commerce Commission was 72.2. In the year ending December 31, 1916, a favorable year, it was 65.7. In 1917 it was 70.5. For 1918 the figures are as yet available only for the so-called Class I. railroads—those with gross revenues over $1,000,000. They comprise more than nine-tenths of the country's railroad mileage, and include as a general rule the more profitable roads. The operating ratio for these roads in 1918 reached the unprecedented figures of 80.3. For the first four months of 1919 the situation has been even worse. For January, February, March and April, respectively, the figures have been 90.9, 92.2, 92.2, and 88.5. For the first four months taken together the ratio was 90.89.

It is true that the first four months of the year are almost invariably the least profitable; but a comparison with the corresponding months of 1918 shows that the ratio for 1919 is running about 7.2 points less favorable than for 1918. If this relation is maintained throughout the year, it will bring the operating ratio for 1919 up to 87.5. To look at the matter from another angle, if the whole year 1919 compares as unfavorable with the year 1918 as the first four months of 1919 compare with the first four months of 1918, the net federal income for 1919 will be $320,976,000 as compared with a net federal income for 1918 of $688,200,083, and a federal guarantee of $905,035,136.

It will be instructive to inquire what would happen to these railroads in the year 1919 if it were not for the government guarantee. The railroad companies would receive into their own treasuries the equivalent of the net federal income, which on the basis of the first four months of the year I have estimated at $320,976,000. To this they would add certain income from property not taken over by the government, dividends on stock and interest on bonds held by the corporations, and similar items, a sum which in 1917 amounted to about $217,000,000. In 1919 it will certainly be less, perhaps not half as much. They must pay interest charges on their funded debt, charges which in 1917 amounted to $404,501,465, and will be greater in 1919 because of new borrowings. And they must meet certain miscellaneous charges which in 1917 aggregated about $35,000,000. The upshot will be, as far as this rough calculation makes it possible to predict, that the larger railroads of the country, considered as a unit, would in 1919, if unprotected by a government guarantee, have at the very best a margin of safety of only $100,000,000, a margin which might be completely wiped out. Without pursuing the matter in further detail, it is safe to say that between a third and a half of the mileage of the United States would not be earning its fixed charges. The net amount available for dividends for all the railroads together would be only a fifth of the average amount available in the three years preceding June 30, 1917.

I have given the figures for the Class I. railroads considered as a single financial system, but in many respects this method of analysis presents too favorable a view. The profits of strong roads cannot safely be balanced against the losses of weak roads, since the railroads do not in fact constitute a single financial system.

A detailed examination of individual roads would be beyond the scope of this article, but a few selected aggregates will indicate what such an examination would show. The figures cover the first quarter of the year 1919. Of 198 railroad and switching and terminal companies, for which figures are available, comprising virtually all the large roads of the country, 74 companies, with an aggregate mileage of 42,192, failed to take in sufficient operating receipts to pay their current operating expenses. Of the remaining companies, 28 with an aggregate mileage of 24,335, while earning enough to pay operating expenses, failed to earn enough to pay the taxes assessed against their properties. This last group includes such major railroad systems as the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, the Lehigh Valley, the Missouri Pacific, the New York, New Haven & Hartford and the Wabash. For these companies railroad operations did not net a single cent toward payment of interest on bonds. It is impossible to state accurately how many of the remainder, while showing some net operating income, failed to meet their fixed charges, since the necessary data have not yet been published, but it is clear that the number must be great.

What light do these figures throw on the future? The railroad system of the country cannot remain stationary. It must still be growing, double-tracking, electrifying, cutting down grades, building new terminals, putting in expensive cars and engines for cheap ones. This means that new capital must be found, to an amount which is conservatively estimated at not less than a billion dollars a year. How can a railroad system raise a billion dollars a year

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when it is hardly earning enough to pay interest on its present indebtedness? That is the nub of the problem which Congress must face.

Since there are still many who believe that the trouble can be met by mending and patching the traditional system of private financing and public regulation, it is necessary to emphasize how very desperate the situation is. The American investor who looked for a moderate but certain return on his investment formerly put his money into railroad bonds. Now their place has been taken by government or municipal bond issues, of which there are more than enough to go round, at attractive interest rates, and of the best possible security. Even if the railroads could still issue a sufficient quantity of first mortgage bonds, they would find them by no means as easy to sell as formerly. But I have shown already that most of the railroads are no longer in a position to sell bonds. Unless they are to continue on the downward descent, they must begin very soon to raise the necessary new money and redress the balance of their old capitalization by selling stock. The moment they attempt to do this, they are face to face with the fact that the faith of the investor in railroad stock is today completely destroyed.

It is not only the immediate reduction in earnings. Even if the Railroad Administration, before January 1, 1920, raises rates sufficiently to bring a reasonable return on the railroad investment, the situation will not be remedied. The causes of the destruction of railroad credit lie deeper. Investors know how doubtful the future is. They know that labor organization has become so potent that the corporations are powerless to withstand it. Rightly or wrongly, they have no faith in the ability of the Interstate Commerce Commission to maintain a fixed policy against the enormous pressure of farmers' and shippers' organizations. They have no confidence in the management of many of the largest railroads of the country, for they have seen during the past decade some of the most prosperous railroad companies looted or wrecked by financiers and bankers. Finally they have for half a decade been fed up with gloomy predictions, spread for propaganda purposes by bankers and railroad men holding positions of the highest authority. At best it would take years to restore a credit so profoundly shaken.

The only method by which railroads could today be put in a position to raise money by issuing new stock would be by putting up freight rates to a point which would not only bring a reasonable return on the property, but would hold out alluring prospects of the richest dividends. No one who has watched the great rate contests of the last decade in Washington and observed how stubbornly even a slight increase in rates is fought by the commercial and agricultural interests, can delude himself into believing that such an increase is possible. No administration would dare propose it, and the Interstate Commerce Commission knows well that if it gave its approval it would be heading straight for extinction at the hands of an outraged Congress.

Such is the present financial plight of the railroads. I have presented the bare facts, without attempting to assign reasons or suggest remedies. Some of the causes are not far to seek. The immediate shrinkage of net income is easily explained by the fact, pointed out by Director General Hines, that since the beginning of the year 1917 railroad wages have gone up fully 50 per cent, and costs of material and supplies from 55 to 70 per cent, whereas freight rates have been raised only about 25 per cent, and by the further fact that since the armistice was signed traffic has sharply fallen off. To inquire, however, into the more fundamental causes of financial instability will involve a full examination of the theory and practise of the traditional American policy of private ownership and public regulation of railroads, and of the reasons for the failure of that system. Such an examination I hope to make in a later series of articles.

GERARD C. HENDERSON.

Evalina

THEY were celebrating the decennial of their graduation from the engineering college. Technically I did not belong there, but the committee had dug out the fact that I had once been made an honorary member of the class, and accordingly voted to overlook my disqualifications and invited me to the banquet. Those disqualifications were grave, for the banquet was to be of the usual college reunion type, challenging a more persevering digestion than mine, and the talk was to be of cantilevers and turbines of types quite transcending my imagination. But there is always food for reflection in a reunion of collegians ten years out in the world. They have changed so unforeseeably, or have so unforeseeably remained the same. Accordingly I accepted the invitation, and, as I had anticipated, had a bad time with the food and the conversation, but much opportunity for sage reflection.—Yes, the prevailing effect of practical life is depressing. These men, mostly robust and of prosperous appearance, sounded rather hollow as they thumped one another in the exchange of technical narrative or untechnical anecdote. Ten years ago spirits mounted higher. So everybody seemed to recognize, disconsolately, until the conversation gave way to the college songs. At least they could roar still.

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"Ten years have gone round and I've not got a dollar
Evalina still waits in that green grassy hollow—"

They sang it with great gusto, as men of whom it couldn't be true. Especially boisterous was the singing of the man on my right, a spare, brisk man, looking rather younger than the rest, rather more conspicuously well dressed. On close inspection there was something artificial about his youth, and his whole make-up, you concluded, was not chic after all, but just on the margin of the flashy. I racked my memory for the details of his college life. I could not remember anything definite, except that I used to encounter him rather frequently around the Arts College, in the company of a very attractive and intelligent girl student. Oh yes, an engagement had been announced at Commencement time, I recalled. But the man beside me wore no ring.

"Where is Evalina?" I demanded, as the singing subsided.

He started slightly. "Why, in the green grassy hollow, of course." He laughed mechanically. "That song is about me, you understand." Then in a lower voice, "But nobody knows it except you. Here's my card. President of the Antares Mining Corporation. Sounds fine, doesn't it?"

"What do you mine?" I asked.

"Hopes. Fine big deposit of them, underground. My capital is half a million hopes. My salary as president, twenty thousand hopes."

"Fine!" I exclaimed. "There is nothing better than hope. But Evalina; is she able to live on them?"

"I'll tell you about her. Say, this is a good time to slip out. They're going to have speeches. You don't care to stay?"

"No, I'd rather hear about Evalina and all those hopes."

We made our escape and crossed the campus, picking our way in the semi-darkness among groups of boys and girls, the current crop of collegians, chattering and laughing with an enthusiasm that had none of the forced quality of the banqueting table we had just left. We found a bench at the edge of the river, and rested our eyes for a moment on the dark surface gridironed with bright stripes from the boathouse on the other side.

"Have a cigar?" I asked.

"No, thank you. I don't smoke. Against my principles. I'm a talking man, by principle. It's this way: you and I meet; you want to tell me your tale and I want to tell you mine. You smoke and I don't; so I win. You may get the start on me, but then you light up and I take the conversation away from you. You may get in again, but soon you'll have to attend to your light, and there I am, rattling away, forty miles an hour."

"All right. I'll light up and keep out of the competition. But what's the good of it? You want the conversation. Just why do you want it?"

"Why do I want it? Well, that's me. I guess that's all the explanation there is. I always was that way. Talk, talk, talk. If I could keep my mouth closed once in a while I might have a real job, like our toastmaster. Remember him? Couldn't make a speech; can't make one yet. Draws $50,000 a year. Real money."

"But men do talk themselves into money," I remonstrated. "Sometimes. Let's not argue that, just now. You were going to tell me about Evalina."

"You knew her? Well, she's just like that, still. I was there, last week. She still wears brown dresses because I liked them, does her hair in a Psyche knot, because I liked it. She laughs the same way, has the same little warbling note—Lord, that used to catch hold of me!"

"Used to!" I repeated severely.

"Well, it does so yet. But you know how it is. The women you see in the city are changing all the time. They're living up to a new level, every year. Evalina, as you call her, is still living to the level of 1908. That's the way they are, in the villages. In dead villages anyway, like Midvale."

"As I recall the Evalina of 1908, she'd be worth perpetuating," I reflected.

"Sure. She is worth it. But you know, it ages you, awfully, to live on the same level, year after year. Lines about the eyes, now; you can't prevent them. You can't keep out a few gray hairs. Well, they make no difference if you are living on the right level. Nothing younger than a woman of thirty if she's living up to a woman of thirty. But if she's living down to the level of twenty, she doesn't seem so young. You get me?"

"Yes," I replied, not easily suppressing my indignation. "You are more analytical than romantic."

"Analytical? That's just what I am. That's why I've not got a dollar."

"Reason Number Two," I remarked. "A little while ago, you said it was talk that did it. Next you will say it was drink."

"No, not me. I never did drink anything but water. Drank it and boosted it as if I had it cornered and was selling it for good money. A man like that never can get anywhere, can he?"

"Reason Number Three. But I'd like to hear the real reason."

"The real reason? Oh yes, I know it well enough. I'm analytical, you see. Do you remember my record in your class? Well, I went strong the

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first four weeks. You thought I was a prize. And then I fizzled. That is always the way with me. I get a new job, I'm all fire and breeze and the boss thinks, now we can go ahead full steam. And we do, for a little while, and then I fizzle."

"How about the Antares Corporation?" I asked.

"Oh, I started that gloriously. Got a quarter of the stock subscribed in a week and not a dollar since."

"Is it a real project?"

"Yes. Big money in it. At least I thought so four weeks ago. But it's stale now. I want to go on to something else."

"In that case I prophesy that Evalina will wait another ten years."

"You're safe there. I know it, and she knows it. But she won't admit it. She's still waiting for me to buck up and make things go, just for once."

"And don't you think you'd better do it?" I spoke perhaps with undue emphasis.

"You're getting peeved with me?" He laughed joylessly. "You think that if a man wants to amount to something, he can? If you do, you're dead wrong. It isn't in me. I tell you, it isn't in me. You've never seen my father? If you had, you'd understand. All his life he was just about to make things go. The number of big things he nearly did, it's astonishing. But he's all talk, just like me."

"Pardon me," I said. "I'm old fashioned, and I'm getting rather more disagreeable impressions than I can stand. You have spoken contemptuously of yourself; that is amusing, but I don't like it. You have spoken slightingly of Evalina, whom I remember as an altogether admirable person. And now you are maligning your father."

"Maligning? Not a bit of it. Positively, there isn't a living man who suits me so well for company as my father. We go fishing together, and talk and talk, till the sun goes down. We don't catch any fish, but, Lord, the fish we nearly catch! We know each other and we don't hold it up against each other. I understand why my father never amounted to anything and he understands why I don't. But everybody else has expected something more of us. That's the way with you, right now. You'd like to take me by the ears and hold me up against a job till I froze to it. And what I feel is, you are spoiling a pleasant evening for me."

"God forbid I should spoil it," I replied indignantly. "But I'm thinking of Evalina, and the ten years she's wasted, waiting for you to go from talk to solid work."

"Don't I think of that, too? Let me tell you, there are times I could hate Evalina. She's always expecting, expecting. For ten years, now, I've never had an easy moment. I say to myself, I've got to succeed this time, Evalina is expecting it, but I know I won't succeed. Talk about slavery; that is nothing to what I've gone through and shall have to go through until I'm so old nobody can expect anything of me."

"If that is the way you feel, don't you think you should have released her long ago?"

"Released?" He laughed sadly. "Who does the releasing, slave or master? Let me tell you, Evalina knows just exactly what I am. Of course she didn't know at first. I went strong and she'd made up her mind to take me before she saw me fizzle. Lord, I was surprised, to get so far. But I thought, she'd have plenty of time to back out. She had, but she wouldn't back out, and she won't. She knew she had made a mistake, but she made it her pride to put in the 'for better or for worse' where it didn't belong."

"At least," I suggested, "you could have persuaded her to take up some work for herself. There certainly was no reason why she should remain in Midvale waiting for you when you were never going to materialize."

"You think I didn't try to get her out of there? She wouldn't stir. She knew she had ten times the brains I had, and if she gave herself a chance to develop, I would be quite out of the question. She didn't dare; it would cut across that for better or for worse idea of hers. And besides, if she got into some kind of work that suited her, or fell in love with another man, it would take the net of her expectations off me. I wouldn't have to amount to anything. I could be free to take a job of looking after the oil cups and tightening up nuts, till I got a few dollars ahead. Then I could run back to the old town and go fishing with my father. There are plenty of jobs like that. They don't lead you anywhere but I don't want to be led anywhere. They are good enough for a man like me, but I can't take them, because of Evalina, waiting, waiting."

"It seems to me there is just one thing for you to do," I said dogmatically. "Go down to Midvale and put your case before Evalina just as frankly as you have put it before me."

"That is just what I tried to do, a week ago. I went down there intending to tell her that all this faithful waiting is romantic foolishness. I was going to tell her that it's positively immoral for a woman to keep herself tied up with a man who can't amount to anything. Well, I wired her when I was coming, and there she was at the station, just as girlish and sweet as ten years ago, her eyes just as serene and trustful, and we walked home by the

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path through the hollow. I climbed the cliffs to pluck columbine out of the sunshine, all as bright as if no ten years had gone, and we threw wild rose petals above the tiny cascade at the foot of the hollow and watched them come down like a rainbow. I fizzled. Before I left I had unfolded at least ten projects, all sure to be big money, distinction and independence."

"Humph!" I grunted.

"And say!" he exclaimed eagerly. "There is just one thing that may pan out. You know why I came to this class reunion? That fat fellow, our toastmaster, needs a manager for his western branch. I found that out before I came east. I've had two talks with him, and I've actually got the job. But I had to go down on my knees for it."

"I won't expect you to hold that job, but if you do, it would interest me to know about it."

"Of course you'll know about it. Do you think I'm the man to hide a light like that under a bushel?"

That was a year ago. I have heard nothing from him since. But Evalina's address remains Midvale in the last Directory, just out.

ALVIN JOHNSON.

Whisky

IT was a wet, gusty night and I had a lonely walk home. By taking the river road, though I hated it, I saved two miles, so I sloshed ahead trying not to think at all. Through the barbed wire fence I could see the racing river. Its black swollen body writhed along with extraordinary swiftness, breathlessly silent, only occasionally making a swishing ripple. I did not enjoy looking at it. I was somehow afraid.

And there, at the end of the river road where I swerved off, a figure stood waiting for me, motionless and enigmatic. I had to meet it or turn back.

It was a quite young girl, unknown to me, with a hood over her head, and with large unhappy eyes.

"My father is very ill," she said without a word of introduction. "The nurse is frightened. Could you come in and help?"

There was a gaunt house set back from the road, on a little slope. I could see a wan light upstairs.

"The nurse is not afraid," the girl corrected, "but she is very nervous. I wish you could come."

"Of course," and on my very word she turned and led the way in.

The hall was empty. It had nothing at all in it except a discouraged oil lamp on a dirty kitchen table. The shadowy stairs were bare. On my left on the ground floor a woman with gray hair and rusty face and red-rimmed eyes shuffled back into the shadows at my entry, a sort of ignoble Niobe.

"That's my mother," the grave child explained. And to the retreating slatternly figure the child called, "This man has come to help, mother," as if men dropped from the sky.

She went up into the shadows and I followed. A flight of stairs, a long creaking landing. Another flight of stairs. Stumbles. Another landing. A faint aroma of cat. And a general sense that, although the staircase was well made and the landings wide, there was not one stick of furniture in the house.

As we approached the top floor we met fresher air and the pallid emanation of a night-light. A figure stood waiting at the head of the stairs.

This was a chubby nun, her face framed in creaking linen and a great rustle of robes and rosary beads whenever she moved. She began a sharp whisper the minute we climbed to the landing.

"He's awake. He's out of his head. I'm so glad you've come. Now, child, be off to bed with you, like a good girl. This way, if you please."

The child's vast eyes accepted me. "I'll go to mother," she said, and she receded downstairs. The nun entered an open door to the right, and again I meekly followed.

It was a room out of the fables. There was a tall fireplace facing the door, with a slat of packing-case burning in it as well as the wind would permit, and a solitary candle glimmering in a bottle, set on the table at the head of the bed. Its uncertain light fell on the tousled hair of a once kempt human being, now quite evidently a semi-maniac staring at unseen presences in the room. Down the chimney the wind came bluffing at intervals, and the one high window querulously rattled. The centre of the room was the sick man's burning eyes.

I walked through his view and he did not see me. The nun and myself stood watching him from the head of the bed.

"Oh, he's awful bad, you have no idea how bad he is, I'm afraid for him; I am indeed. What am I to call you, Mister? Here, take this chair."

Before I answered her she continued, in a whisper that slid along from one *s* to the next. "They said the doctor would be here at seven and it's nearly twelve as it is. He's not coming. I wish he was here."

The sick man seemed to see us. "That's right now," he said, whistling his breath. "Bring me my clothes, I want to go home."

The nun laid her arm on him. "Lean back now, dear, and it 'll be all right, I'm telling you." And she gently but ineffectually tried to press him down.

The sick man turned his obdurate face on her, into the candlelight. He was long unshaved, but

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the two things that struck me most, after the crop of gray bristle, were the dry cavern of his mouth and the scalding intensity of his eyes. I was terrified that those mad eyes should alight on me, and yet I gazed hard at him. His lips were flaked with yellow scales, and dry mucus was in strings at the corners of his mouth. His night-shirt gaped open, showing a very hairy black chest. He seemed a shrunken man, not a very tall man, but his shoulders were broad and his chin extraordinarily square. To support his chin seemed the great effort of his jaws. It fell open on him, giving him a vacant foolish expression, with his teeth so black and irregular, and he tried his best to clamp his teeth tight. The working of his jaws, however, scarcely interfered with his whistling breath or his gasping words.

"They will be at the back door, I say. God!" a feeble scream and whimper, "bring me my clothes. You're hiding them on me. Oh, why are you hiding them on me. Can't you give me my clothes?"

"You're home now, dear. You're home now," the nurse assured him. "Isn't that your own clock on the mantel? Lie down now and I'll make you a comfortable drink and put you to sleep."

"Boy, fetch me my coat."

"Don't mind him," the nun turned to me, "but do you cover his feet."

His feet had lost the gray blanket. They stared blankly up from the end of the bed. I covered them snugly, glad to have something to do.

"It's all the whisky in him," the nun whispered when at last he went limp and lay down. "It's got at his brain. I thought he was over the pneumonia, but that whisky has him saturated. The poor thing! The poor thing!"

"Well, I must be going now," the sick man ejaculated, and with one twist of his body he was out of bed.

"Oh, keep yourself covered, for the love of God!" The poor nun ran after him with the blanket as his old flannel nightshirt fluttered up his legs.

He staggered up to me fiercely, and his eyes razed my face.

"Fiddle your grandmother," he muttered, "I'm off home, I tell you."

"You can't leave the room; it's better for you to go back to bed," and I held him round with my arms.

"See here, you," his yellow cheeks reddened with his passionate effort, "you can't hold me a prisoner any longer. Oh, Barrett, Barrett, what are you doing to me to destroy me?"

I knew no Barrett, but the poor creature was shivering with anguish and cold. I put my arms around him and tried to move him out of the draught of the door. His thin arms closed on me at the first hint of force, and he clenched with feverish vigor. I could feel his frail bones against me, his bare ribs, his wild thumping heart.

"You can't, you can't. You can't keep me prisoner. . . ."

He struggled, his heart thumping me. Then before I knew it he went slack.

We lifted him to the bed, and I felt under his shirt for the flutter of his heart. His mouth had dropped open, his eye was like a dead bird's.

The little nun began, "Jesus, Mary and Joseph," and other holy words, while I groped helplessly over this fragile burned-out frame. Then I remembered and I stumbled dry-mouthed and wild-minded to find that woman downstairs.

I went headlong through the darkness. At my knock the door opened, as if by an unseen hand, and I saw, completely dressed, the pale little girl, with her grave eyes.

"Your mother," I asked.

The child stopped me sharply, "Is father worse?"

"He's worse," I answered feebly. "You'd better—"

The child was brushed aside by her mother, who had stumbled forward from inside. She looked at me vaguely. She was drunk.

The girl turned on her mother. "I'm going up to father. Go inside."

The woman's will flickered and then expired. She pulled the door back upon herself, shutting us into the hall. The child led and I followed back upstairs.

F. H.

Discipline

THE private in the ranks comes up to the quarters of the company commander, stands at attention before the captain, salutes, and states:

"Sir, Private Jones has permission of the first sergeant to speak with the captain."

"I am too busy now, Jones, come back again"—thus the captain.

"Very well, sir; thank you sir," with which remark Private Jones salutes again, executes a formal "about face" and leaves.

That is an example of discipline, in our army.

Or, consider the enlisted men of the company at mess. An officer walks in:

"'Tenshuunn!" some one calls, and each and every man stops his eating, preserves silence (except for the soup that was caught half way to its destination) and remains at seated attention until

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the officer gives them the command "at ease" or passes out of the mess hall.

This is discipline in our army.

Or among the officers, grouped together for a lecture or instruction. The commanding officer walks into the room or tent. The first officer that sees the commanding officer calls the group to attention, whereupon all present rise and stand at the position of attention until they are put "at ease" or told to sit down.

This is discipline in our army.

Regulations and spirit governing our army is modeled very closely after the English system. It is a thing of caste. Officially and socially the enlisted man is a thing apart from an officer. The enlisted man cannot sit in the presence of an officer unless he is given specific permission. Every sentence that an enlisted man addresses to an officer must have the word "Sir" tucked away in it some place, usually at the beginning or the end of the sentence. In the line of the army, he cannot even address his company commander without permission of the first sergeant, except in the case where he feels that the first sergeant is discriminating against him unfairly, in which event he can ask the captain for permission to speak to him, "without the consent of the first sergeant." And as first sergeants occupy a singularly close and confidential relationship to the captain, the poor benighted private who tries to go over his head has all of the presumptions against him.

And there is absolutely no point of social contact between the soldier (meaning enlisted man) and the officer. Officers who consort with enlisted men are tried by general court martial for having done an almost unspeakable thing. The soldier occupies one status and has his rights strictly within that status. The officer has a higher status, and woe be to him if he steps out of it. He not only loses the respect of the officers but also the respect of the soldiers under him, under the present system. And the present system is grounded upon this caste idea. Aside from the social distinction between the white and the colored races, the army is the only institution in the United States that is so completely a caste institution. It is an anomaly among our institutions.

Must it necessarily be so? Is real discipline impossible without it? An army must have discipline and if caste is absolutely a condition precedent to discipline—if the two are so permeated and merged each with the other that they melt into one whole, then we must continue with the system of caste, however such a system must quarrel with normal American institutions and ideas. For discipline we must have in our army. Wars are won with discipline. Munitions, supplies and airships aid in the winning of a war. But in the end it is discipline and morale that carries armies and nations to the climax of victory.

Our army must have discipline. Can we obtain it in a more democratic way? Can we get the same fine loyalty, subordination of the individual to the whole, the same prompt and unswerving obedience, from methods and systems that do not quarrel so much with what Americans have been taught throughout their history as a nation?

First how has the caste system worked?

Go to the British system for the first answer: the British professional army was our prototype. Has it worked there, throughout four years of war?

One month ago we would have said that it had, excellently well. Certainly in the early years of the war, and really to the time of the armistice, the system did not break down. Discipline inculcated under the caste system worked finely, from the time of the first Ninety Thousand down to the end of hostilities. It seems to have stood the test under stress of war.

But ultimately did it stand the test? Perhaps one of the most significant of the cables from London within the past few weeks was a little story published in several of the American newspapers to the effect that a deputation of soldiers in London went straight to one of the ministers of war to present their grievances. And that minister not only heard them, but promised immunity from court martial for thus daring to present their case direct. That enlisted men in the British army should have the boldness thus to present their case directly and not "through military channels" is almost unbelievable. It is tremendously significant, at all events.

I hold no brief for these enlisted men who thus so flagrantly violated their regulations and customs of the service. I have been in the army long enough to realize the possible consequences of such a precedent. My mental processes are so controlled by the military and disciplinary view of the thing they did, that I would call it downright mutinous. It was not playing the game according to the rules. And as long as the rules are as they are, the game should be played according to them. The question is whether the rules ought not to be changed.

But whether the action of these British soldiers was right or wrong, the fact remains that they had the boldness to originate this unheard of procedure. And more significant than that, they got away with it. Not very long ago such action would have been considered as highly mutinous and a trial by court martial would have settled effectively each one of these soldiers. A new spirit is abroad. Whether we want this new spirit or not, whether we welcome it or not, we must see it with clear

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vision and make the best of it. It certainly is a condition, not a theory, and as a condition it must be met.

Is it a condition that confronts us in our army?

Not yet. Our army was not so war weary even at the end. We were still in the Hurrah stage, when everybody wanted to get a Hun. On the day the armistice was signed, war was still a glorious adventure to our men. Terrible, wearing weeks, months and years of mud and cooties and blood had not worn down discipline and morale. We were still keyed up. But there is no sound reason for believing that we would not have come to the same end in time. There is no reason for believing that our enlisted men are very much different in fabric and mind from the British Tommies. There is no ground for believing that given the same harsh experiences, our soldiers would have excelled the British in morale and playing the game according to the now acknowledged rules. The rules of discipline enforced by a caste system is no more foreign to the British soldier than to our own. In fact, if there is any difference, it must be admitted that the caste system in the army is more in line with British history and institutions than with our own. If the British soldier, impregnated with caste from the beginning, gives a hint of revolt against it in the army, the American soldier, impregnated with democracy, and naturally hostile to caste, is likely to give more than a hint of revolt, under similar circumstances.

There is the suspicion, therefore, that all is not well with the caste system in the British army. And British institutions are built on caste as the foundation. Even granted for sake of argument that the caste system in that army would carry on to the end, would that necessarily argue that the same system would be the ultimate one for our army?

The specious answer is that, theory or no theory, the caste system has worked in our little army from the beginning, and is likely to continue to work to the end. I never have been hit by an automobile, therefore I never shall; I never have died, so far, and therefore never shall.

As to the past, certainly it has worked. Our system in the past has sent all sorts and conditions of eighteen-year-old boys to West Point, and after four years turned them out as hand-made gentlemen and officers. It is truly marvelous what can be done with a boy if four of his impressionable years are bent in one single and narrow direction. The boy goes there from his little town in Indiana, friendly with the banker's son and the saloonkeeper's son; he has a high-school case on the butcher's daughter. He realizes no social distinctions—doesn't know there is such an animal.

He comes back a member of a caste—belonging to a distinct social status. He is as good socially as any one, and better than most. It was not he who had the young affair with the butcher's daughter. It was another boy entirely. He is charming and pleasant. He meets the saloonkeeper's son, and chats with him graciously. But he is "better" than the saloonkeeper's son, and he knows it. And the saloonkeeper's son feels it. And the relationship is strained. Oil and water. White and colored.

This is not the boy's fault—if fault it may be considered. It is his training during the four West Point years. For in West Point he is not taught "squads right": he is taught how to be a gentleman. That's what he is sent there for, and that is what he learns, and endeavors to become. And the surprising thing is that he almost succeeds. So far as all the trappings are concerned he succeeds, anyhow. And he picks up many of the realities that go to make up the essential qualities of a gentleman.

West Point aims to create a caste, members of which are to be known as officers and gentlemen. And it succeeds surprisingly well. If our system of caste is to continue in our army, hats off to West Point, for its products fit into such a system so well that they might all have been hand picked, so far as being able to tell the difference is concerned.

This young man, after having been graduated as a second lieutenant, goes out, say, into the line of the army, as an officer in a regular army infantry company. It never entered his head that the enlisted men under him were of the same flesh and blood. And in the olden days, he was right—they weren't. The old regular army was recruited from an uneducated, wandering and detached population—the lower classes, if you please. They were accustomed to being commanded—they were born to be commanded, not to command. They never had any thought of social equality with the well-to-do or the educated. After they joined the army they continued to have no thought of equality with the educated gentlemen—the officers. The type of man represented by the officer was better than they were in civilian life and continued to be so regarded.

In other words, the caste system worked in the old regular establishment, largely because it was grounded, to some extent on real distinctions between the men and the officers. But in our large temporary army was this distinction so sound fundamentally? And in the army of the reconstruction will this distinction continue to be soundly based on real differences, or only upon artificial differences, the possession and wearing of leather leggings instead of canvas ones, separating the sheep from the goats?

Well, it may be answered, the system worked in this war, so far. And, by and large, it did. Two of the three college graduates in my line company

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were perfect soldiers and played the game right up to the handle. Friends of mine they were, yet never presumed upon this friendship to get a favor from the captain. One was not such a thoroughbred; perhaps that was a defect in him. He was a problem and had to be transferred to another company.

But, generally speaking, it did work, in the year and a half of this war. How long it would have continued to work is matter for speculation. Whether it will continue to work among the men of the army of occupation is really a question, and the chances are that with the stimulus of combat conditions removed, some hint of unrest will creep out before this year is over. But be that as it may, we might as well take stock of ourselves and our system now, and if we see signs of a bogging down, we must have enough nimbleness of mind to consider if any other system would better fit in with the ideas and ideals which, theoretically at least, furnish the mainspring of our actions.

Not that in this army of ours we are going to give up discipline. That we must have. But there may be ways of obtaining this discipline by means other than those inherent in the caste system. The French seemed to have solved the problem in a more democratic way. As I am decorated on my left sleeve with three chevrons, that are silver and not gold, it must be assumed that I did not get over and have no first hand and intimate knowledge about the democratic French army and how their system worked. In the light of the known facts as to French offense and defense, however, it certainly might be fair to assume that it worked moderately well. The fact that the poilu and the general had some points of tangency in their social relations did not seem to cause an entire and complete break-up of discipline in the French army. Their scheme made good, prima facie, anyhow, and as it seems to fit in better with our national ideals than the caste system it might not be inadvisable to have some expert study devoted to it.

The whole situation can be clarified by an analogy. Analogies may be dangerous, but roughly this one is not unsound.

There are two kinds of school teachers: One is a man of sufficient qualities so that out of the classroom he can play and talk with his pupils and still retain their respect for him as a master in the classroom. Off duty he can be familiar with them, all on more or less the same plane. On duty he is the instructor, the superior who imparts to (or draws from) the students certain objective knowledge. He is both loved and respected.

Then there is the other kind, who dares not descend among his pupils from the dais of the pedagogue. He has not those essential qualities of intrinsic worth that will stand close personal contact with the pupils. He is not really bigger than his pupils in his character or personality. Therefore he does not dare to allow them to become acquainted with his real self, stripped of his pedagogical trappings. He must keep aloof from them, or he will lose even the small respect they give him by virtue of his dais.

Which is the better teacher? Which is the abler man, not only to instruct but to lead and command?

And couldn't we get officers in our army who were intrinsically bigger men, better men, more forceful and dominating as real personalities, so that they would not have to depend upon the trappings of an artificial social caste in order to bring from the men under their command the best that was in them in loyalty, obedience, subordination of the individual to the common good—discipline, in a word?

Before you say no to the above question, ask any old regular army officer, or National Guard officer with Mexican Border experience, what they think of the three months' training camp officers? Almost to one man, they will give you the same answer:

"Understand I was against them; they were incubator officers, I thought, and I wanted none of them.

"But by George, they turned out to be corkers!"

And that's because they were real men at bottom, generally speaking.

FRED B. JOHNSON.

The Mill

The miller's wife had waited long,
The tea was cold, the fire was dead;
And there might yet be nothing wrong
In how he went and what he said:
"There are no millers any more,"
Was all that she had heard him say;
And he had lingered at the door
So long that it seemed yesterday.

Sick with a fear that had no form
She knew that she was there at last;
And in the mill there was a warm
And mealy fragrance of the past.
What else there was would only seem
To say again what he had meant;
And what was hanging from a beam
Would not have heeded where she went.

And if she thought it followed her,
She may have reasoned in the dark
That one way of the few there were
Would hide her and would leave no mark:
Black water, smooth above the weir
Like starry velvet in the night,
Though ruffled once, would soon appear
The same as ever to the sight.

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON.

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Report of the Committee

We've discovered only Bolsheviks believe that speech is free,
And we've found that Leon Trotzky wore a beard in 'ninety-three;
We've been told that Russian moujiks eat their meals upon the floor,
And a fellow by the name of Tolstoy spoke against the war.
We have found "collective bargaining" is just an artful dodge,
And that Marx in several places disagrees with Cabot Lodge;
We've discovered every Russian marks his ballot with a knife,
And if he votes for Trotzky he can choose another wife.
In fact, when we have found,
By covering all the ground,
Just what the Bolsheviki are, we'll ask you to our quiz
And we'll tell you just exactly what this Bolshevism is.

We've discovered Russian caviare's not worth the price it costs,
And that winters in the Arctic are susceptible of frosts;
We have found that only commissars can sign their names in ink,
And that Ufa is a city—not a Russian form of drink.
We have grounds for thinking soviets are banned upon the moon,
And that Lenine seldom reads the Evening Post or the Tribune;
We've been told the Russian ballet can't compare with Sousa's band,
And that using Russian gasoline made Harry Hawker land.
In fact, when we have found,
By covering all the ground,
Just what the Bolsheviki are, we'll ask you to our quiz
And we'll tell you just exactly what this Bolshevism is.

C. M.

CORRESPONDENCE

An International Court of Justice

SIR: To my mind in the discussion in the Senate and elsewhere over the value and binding force of the League of Nations, no sufficient attention has been given to the important matter of what body has authority to interpret the constitution of the League.

It is well understood that any contract or constitution is worth only so much as the body authorized to construe it gives it or finds it to mean. Not the lawyer who writes the contract but the court that construes it determines its meaning and force.

The makers of the Constitution of the United States very wisely provided for a court to interpret its meaning. But the constitution of the League of Nations makes no such provision. In Article XIII it names the interpretation of treaties as one of the matters generally considered justiciable or referable to arbitration. This would seem by implication to apply to questions of construction of the covenants of the League; but such arbitration is not made compulsory.

Article XV provides for a method of settling questions which are not deemed arbitrable by reference to the Council; but no obligation rests upon the parties to accept the finding. This article has value in preventing war by the "cooling off" process; but affords no sure method of settling differences of construction of the covenants of the League.

It is also clear that no international court exists which has any authority to say what the constitution of the League means. Article I provides for the setting up of a Permanent International Court of Justice but it has authority only over matters which the disputants see fit to submit to it.

In the absence of any authority provided by the constitution of the League and of any existing international court having power to decide, it seems clear that each nation signatory to the League may interpret its terms and covenants to suit itself.

This means practically, as experience and history show, that political considerations and matters of national interest and prejudice will determine how far each nation is bound to act under the terms of the proposed constitution.

If this be so, then all the great dangers said to lurk in this instrument by those who object to the United States becoming signatory to it cease to have force.

For instance; it is objected that the League will have the construction of the Monroe Doctrine. On the contrary, whatever construction is placed upon that Doctrine by this country will stand. This nation will surely have as much right to interpret Article XXI which refers to this Doctrine as has any nation or the League itself. No body of men has the power to say that our construction of this article is wrong or contrary to the meaning of Article XXI.

The fearful Article X says that, "The members of the League undertake to respect and preserve as against external aggression the territorial integrity and existing political independence of all members of the League." But what does the word "undertake" mean? Does it imply the guarantee on our part to go to war over any such "external aggression?" That is what we are told it means; but by what authority do they speak?

Is it not evident that, if the sentiment of this country were strongly opposed in any given case to our engaging in war to settle a dispute about boundaries between European states, Congress, the Supreme Court or whatever body has the final power of interpretation among us would say that the word "undertake" does not necessarily mean to the extent of war to fulfil our covenant.

As was recently shown by an editorial in the New Republic the League will have no more force than its signatories, especially the Great Powers, see fit to give it. To think that it imposes a super-sovereignty over the several nations, that it takes away control of Congress over the right to declare war, or over the President as Commander-in-chief of our military forces, is to create a scare over a scare-crow.

Under this right of each nation to construe the covenants of the League in any real international crisis the League will be powerless to control affairs. Any valid objection to the League lies in the fact that it is too weak rather than too strong.

In all likelihood the constitution of the League goes as far as the nations are now ready to go in limiting their sovereignty or delegating their powers to an international body. Under the provisions of this constitution much progress can be made toward a better international order. It is a step in the right direction; and so should command our assent; but it is only a step.

The lack of any international body having power to construe its terms and the provision for unanimity of ac-

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tion makes any radical change of international powers and relations under it impossible. Action that all can agree upon will be of the most elementary character. Of menace to our national power and sovereignty there is none.

Bellows Falls, Vermont. RODNEY F. JOHONNOT.

Find the 100 Per cent American

SIR: Washington was a revolutionist.
Jefferson was a radical.

Lincoln was a heretic, his party denounced as traitorous.

America had room for them. What would America be, if it had not had room for such men? What will democracy be if it has no room for minorities?

I plead frankly for a minority: those who are Americans of pre-revolutionary ancestry—Washington revolutionists,—Jefferson radicals,—Lincoln heretics—and are proud of it. How long can such men and women continue to be proud of being Americans? Just so long as "American" stands for the things we are really proud of: freedom, moral courage, fair play, opportunity for all, tolerance and self-government. We think that America still has room for us.

In so defining the spirit of America we cannot refuse, as the patrioteers do, to admit the equal right of others to define it differently. A democracy has, ipso facto, the power of political suicide. If it gives all power to a plutocracy which insists that autocracy, conservatism, selfishness, labor-baiting, class hysteria and paternalism are American, it has a perfect right to do so, if in so doing it can avoid the fate of Germany. But if Americanism becomes Junkerism and Chauvinism, Washington and Jefferson and Lincoln cease to be Americans, and so do we.

Biologically, at least, we are 100 per cent American. As such we have at least as much right to define Americanism as a mayor or congressman who "over-corrects" (as Freudian psychologists might say) for being of foreign ancestry, or as any other self-constituted patentees of the term. There must be thousands of men and women whose good American blood boils till the lid tilts, when press and pulpit and platform, not to mention club and class-room, like a wolf-pack (cowardly if alone) join in full cry of "un-American" against any proposal of radical reconstruction or any organized protest—even those which are actually proposed to avert disorder and unrest.

Some of our newest Americans have (or had) a better vision of Americanism than that. Let us hope not too many will think themselves disillusioned. The pendulum must swing soon. We have faith in America—more faith than the "hate riots" have.

Tacoma, Washington. THOMAS D. ELIOT.

Against Sinn Fein

SIR: Not long ago we learned that there was no such thing as a "hyphenated American"—that a man was either all American, or all German, Austrian or what-not. If this is the case, I should like to suggest—nay, urge—that those "Americans" with Irish names who are protesting so loudly against "the persecution of the Irish" either go back to Ireland (if they are Irish) or else mind their own business (if they are really Americans).

In 1860, a part of our country considered that it had a right to separate from the rest of the country, and the sympathies of Great Britain were with the secessionists. We should, however, have been justly incensed, had Southerners gone to Britain, called themselves British—become naturalized citizens of Britain, perhaps—and then returned to this country with British passports, merely to stir up discontent. It is inconceivable that the British Parliament would have approached our own Congress with resolutions favoring the independence of the South: and if it had taken this step, we should, with reason have been very angry. Why do we now allow aliens to use us as cat's-paws? Can it be that our politicians are afraid of the "Irish vote"? If those who have so much to say now about the "poor oppressed Irish" are really Americans, they might be better employed in directing their superfluous energies toward correcting some of our own shortcomings. Do they know that, whereas the Irish have a larger representation in Parliament, in proportion, than any other section of the British Isles, the inhabitants of the District of Columbia have no vote at all, and are actually taxed without representation?

When I was in Dublin last Christmas, I learned the following facts, which are in danger of being overlooked by those who hear nothing but the "injustices" heaped on the Irish people. Conscription was applied to all of the British Isles—except to Ireland. All the British Isles were rationed—meat and sugar cards were required from every individual—save in Ireland. And what were these downtrodden paragons of virtue, these martyrs, victims of soul-crushing autocracy, themselves doing to help the Allied cause? Listen. My wife, who has lived all her life in Ireland, was in a little out-of-the-way place, living quietly in the country: she, her mother, and the few other helpless inmates of the house were lined up against the wall by Sinn Feiners, who covered them with guns while others ransacked the cottage. The Mexicans cannot teach the Irish much. Again: on several occasions, armed drilling squads of Sinn Feiners, passing the house, discharged, in a spirit of friendly sport, their firearms through the gateway into the house, where my wife was still peacefully living. Again: just before the 1916 rebellion, a motor-car, traveling at a great rate of speed, left the road near my wife's house, plunging over a precipice; the car was filled with German arms, and two dead Germans were found under it. Again: on arriving in this country, my wife met at luncheon an "American" woman (the wife of a half-German) who boasted that a cousin of hers had carried German arms into Ireland in a private yacht from Germany all through the war! Can one blame the British for not trusting the Irish?

Every true American can thank God that there is one Senator who wants the United States to mind its own business—who is not in favor of our "butting into" the private affairs of a friendly Power. Would that our Massachusetts Senators had had the force of character to stand with him! Many private citizens of our country—who have nothing to gain from the "Irish vote" or the "German vote"—are asking themselves what business Congress has with the "Irish Question"; after all, there is still an "American vote" in this country.

PAUL RICHMOND WITHINGTON.

Boston, Massachusetts.

A CORRECTION

A recent reference was made in the New Republic to General Angeles (now with Villa in Mexico) as a man who had formerly been an agent of the French government in the United States. This was a statement made by a number of American newspapers. The French War Mission has informed us that General Angeles has at no time held such a post.

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Books and Things

ALTHOUGH the storm had gone down it had not quite blown itself out, and not all the winds were laid. One of them still yelled and rushed across the open ocean, cutting huge fragments of water from the tops of the rollers, hurling scud and spindrift against the canoe that was none the less making great way toward the island. Six dark savages, anything but silent by nature, were silently driving their paddles with firm strokes into the mounds and furrows of that still angry sea. From time to time they could hear between blasts the encouraging words addressed to them by the aged man who sat in the stern of the canoe, and with weary but still unflinching hand kept her headed for the island's only harbor. "Look!" he shouted, "look!" And the six dark paddlers, lifting their eyes, saw at last the longed-for gap between the headlands, the bay, the huddled village on its shore, the valley behind the village stretching away inland until two waterfalls marked its end in the hills. "Home!" exclaimed the aged steersman. "Home at last!" And together the paddlers answered, in their polysyllabic yet nervous language, "Home! Twa'l! Twa'l! Home!"

This island of Twa'l, which represented home to these seven primitive yet by nature far from taciturn seafarers, had just played a belated and valiant part in the greatest war all the adjacent islands had ever known. The war began after long rumblings by a sudden act of aggression. On one of the most thickly inhabited of all the islands in that region, the island of Great Molu, dwelt a warlike and industrious tribe which for years had been suffering, although it did not give exactly this name to its malady, from the tendency of population to outrun subsistence. To the Greater Molus, taught by the Deity they worshipped to deem themselves the most valuable product in all that island world, no remedy seemed more natural than first to make war and then as conquerors to subsist by eating their vanquished foes. With one ally, the denizens of Little Molu, they invaded the islands belonging to their more civilized neighbors, among whom the practice of cannibalism had long been discontinued and by many of whom it was held in abhorrence. The Molus called this invasion self-defense.

Long after the outbreak of the war, which raged year after year with varying fortunes, but in which the Greater Molus, who were never driven back to their own island, kept on the whole the upper hand, long after the outbreak of the war the inhabitants of Twa'l took no part in the conflict. All the warring islands were crowded together. Twa'l alone was remote and at peace. The Twa'lians looked on. They also talked. Among all these islanders the Twa'lians were distinguished first by the beauty and elevation of their sentiments, and secondly by their facility in putting these sentiments into words. The genuineness of their sacred passion for high sounds is proved by the fact that they had lately chosen as their Chief not their strongest man but their tallest talker.

This Chief was in other ways, and especially by his extreme reluctance to enter the war, a true representative of nearly all the Twa'lians. In him and in them this reluctance lasted long, and did not begin to wane, until the Greater Molus had proved by their prowess that they might win the war in the end, and by their cruelties that their ultimate purpose was to consume their opponents in the form of roasts, stews, soups and sandwiches, of festal dinners and quicker lunches. When we have eaten our enemies out of hut and home, said the more outspoken of the Greater Molus, we shall take possession of their territory and establish our noble customs far and wide. Gradually the conviction spread among the Twa'lians that their turn would come next if the Greater Molus should be victorious. Their Chief was a partaker in this change of heart. He declared that cannibalism must cease forever. "These islands," he said in speech after speech, "must be made safe for edible man." And after each of his speeches nearly all the Twa'lians, excepting the toughest and stringiest, sat at their tables with nobler and more exalted hopes of the future.

Now the war was over. The Twa'lians had turned the tide. They had fought well, earning much praise from their more bellicose and less humane associates. The Greater Molus and their feeble ally were beaten. Their war canoes had been taken from them and parcelled out among the victors, as was only right. The Chief of the Twa'lians had gone across the water to take part in the making of peace. Avoiding those coasts where the battles had been fought, lest seeing the obscene outrages committed by the Greater Molus should make him hot-headed and therefore possibly unjust, he had travelled up and down the victorious islands, where great crowds assembled to hear him say that peace must bring the downfall of cannibalism, that the islands must henceforth and forever be safe for edible man.

Not long after the six young rovers and the aged steersman had seen their village, sharp eyes along the waterfront made out the canoe. A cry was heard, other voices caught it up, and soon the village was echoing and chiming with the news. "The messenger! The messenger! He brings word of the peace!" Dark naked forms, which according to the only white traveller to Twa'l were like bronze in color, and which actually were in color not unlike the wrapper of a colorado maduro cigar, forms of men and women, of elders and children, hurried down to the solitary wharf. Long before the canoe was made fast they greeted the steersman, the bearer of a message from their chief, with shouts of welcome and exultation.

Later in the day, when the other rites and ceremonies were over, the venerable steersman and messenger addressed the assembled Twa'lians. He spoke to them from a little knoll crowned with cocoa-palms. He wore, as is the invariable practice of all who bear important messages to the island of Twa'l, an hibiscus flower behind each ear. He told his hearers the terms of peace. The war had not been fought in vain. Its purpose had been fulfilled. The victors, excepting the Twa'lians themselves, whose well-known disinterestedness demanded no reward, were to receive a recompense. The vanquished were to receive deserved punishment. The great question before the peacemakers had been how to end cannibalism. The hideousness of cannibalism must be brought home to the unrepentant although utterly defeated Molus. There had been differences of opinion. At last it had been agreed that a certain number of Greater and Lesser Molus should be chosen each year by lot, distributed among the victors, excepting the Twa'lians, whose aversion to human food was well-known, and eaten. This distribution and consumption would not continue long, only until the unconsumed Molus had succeeded in convincing everybody that they wished they had never been cannibals and never would be again.

The Twa'lians disagreed about this peace. Some thought its terms too lenient. The only sure way to extirpate cannibalism was to eat up all the Molus at once, or

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as soon as this could be done without danger of indigestion. Cannibalism to end cannibalism was their slogan. Others feared the habit of eating man might fasten itself upon the victors. All wondered, however, with touching unanimity, what their Chief would say when he got back.

A week or so later their Chief returned smiling. He came in a large war canoe, accompanied by a numerous and interesting retinue. This is what he said to the Twa'lians: "I bring you peace. I bring you an enduring because a righteous peace. The impartial justice we have meted out involves no discrimination between those to whom we wished to be just and those to whom we did not wish to be just. This peace plays no favorites and knows no standard but the equal rights of the several islands concerned."

P. L.

The Erotic Motive

The Erotic Motive in Literature, by Albert Mordell. New York: Boni & Liveright.

IT is often insisted that in imaginative literature the sayer is of no consequence, the saying of every consequence. This is a hard proposition to stick to. To see and know a man in ordinary life is almost certainly to see and know more about his work, to "place" him more intelligibly, to give a finer shade of meaning to whatever he says. The same surely holds true of literature. Even if we have no facts to go by, we employ an intuition as to the writer's personality; and we are lucky if we have something more prosaically definite than an intuition. What kind of man is Mr. Galsworthy? When one conceives that, his plays and novels have another and usually a richer implication. The content of his words becomes fuller when we know the man. And from that it is a short step to the delicate and fascinating task of motivating one's author.

To give aid to such interpretation, delicate as it is, there are no psychologists so valuable as Freud and his compeers. They have found that the appearances and realities of human behavior are proportioned like the appearances and realities of an iceberg. Nine-tenths of man's motivation is hidden, hidden even from himself. The part that floats in sight is representative, but it cannot be wholly understood unless the hidden "unconscious" is taken into account, with its repressions and resistances.

Dominant in the unconscious is the "erotic motive," as Freud interprets it. Man is erotic and to understand his behavior one must recognize and evaluate the erotic. That being the case, his imaginative literature can reasonably be interpreted only if one recognizes and evaluates the complicating erotic component in his nature.

It is apparently in aid of this interpretation that Mr. Mordell writes his book. With four or five easy formulas in mind he approaches world literature and he is ready to proclaim at a swift glance exactly what neurosis, exactly what repression, underlies any particular masterpiece. More than that, he can tell precisely what was the "unconscious" of persons who never existed—Lady Macbeth, Don Quixote, Hedda Gabler. He holds the earth in his hand as if it were nothing but a bump of philoprogenitiveness, and he is ready to announce in every circumstance why the literary Popocatapetl smokes up as it does. Since the words "resistance" and "repression" are now as common as Fords, since they are eternally on the lips as they are in the souls of sucklings, it is no wonder that Mr. Mordell should employ them. Unfortunately he employs practically nothing else. He has gone into business on a Freudian shoestring.

This fact, a grotesque fact under the circumstances, becomes apparent when one considers Mr. Mordell's definitions of literature. Literature to him is not the consummation of an exceedingly subtle psychological process, one that calls for its own analysis before the literary "document" can be intelligently judged. On the contrary, literature to Mr. Mordell is itself the naive document, the direct index to the author's unconscious, to be interpreted just as dreams may be interpreted, giving to the "symbols" in their literary use just the same significance that they would have if they appeared in dreams.

The way in which this simplicity works out is amusing but fatuous. Take, for example, Mr. Mordell's attempt to give an erotic motivation to Kipling's stories of engines. "Why does Kipling have a keen interest in bringing descriptions of machinery into his works? If dreams of machinery relate to sex, then we must follow the logical conclusion that an undue interest in machinery must evince a sexual meaning. We are also aware that a large number of popular sexual terms are taken from instruments in the machine-shop."

What is an "undue" interest in machinery? Are we to conclude that there is something hopelessly pornographic about the Engineering News and the Iron Age?

Equally characteristic of Mordellian simplicity is the comment on Browning. "Two other poems of Browning where sexual symbolism may be present though there is nothing of love in the poems are the famous 'How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix' and 'Through the Metidja to Abd-El-Kadr.' The sexual significance can be seen in the rhythmic swing, for both poems suggest the motion of the horse rider. The effect in the latter poem is produced by the use of the words 'I ride'....."

It is worth while dwelling on the shallowness of these characteristic interpretations. If Kipling's machinery and Browning's riding had no reason in themselves, to ascribe them to eroticism would be illuminating. As it is, it shows in Mr. Mordell an enslaving preoccupation. Can telegraph poles be taken as a clear proof of phallic worship in the U. S. A? If these poles ran without any wires between them, it might be an interesting speculation to say they were phallic. To insist that they are phallic when they support telegraph wires is to pass into the class of those "scientists" who ascribe every ailment under heaven to some single element like uric acid. This is precisely the class of scientist to which Mr. Mordell belongs. Having accepted the "erotic motive" as the key to literature, he finds "erotic motive" in the daisies of Wordsworth and the skylark of Shelley. Why are detective stories popular? Masochism. What is the clue to In Memorian? Homosexuality. Why did Longfellow write about The Bridge? "This poem speaks of the time he found it difficult to win the love of his second wife." And so on. "A love poem is always a complaint that the libido is being dammed." (155). "If there were no repression, there would be little literature." "Literature is largely a record of the anxieties and hysterias of humanity." (123). "Characters in literature who commit suicide, like Werther and Hedda Gabler, are victims of neurosis; sex is usually at the bottom of their difficulties," (121). Sex or uric acid or gallstones or eyestrain—one can only meet a generalization like this on suicide by saying that much seems to depend on the specialty of the diagnostician.

Mr. Mordell's fanciest arguments relate to the insti-

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tution of the mother. It is enough to say that whatever happens between literary men and their mothers the result is devastating. "An extreme attachment to the mother is the nucleus of future neurosis," (52). But a lack of extreme attachment to the mother is also the nucleus of future neurosis. Byron, for example, "suffered from hysteria, and this was connected with the lack of affection in infancy between him and his mother," (125). By working these two formulas properly Mr. Mordell establishes the interesting fact that all literary men are neurotic.

Nothing keeps Mr. Mordell from revealing the individual explanations of this truth. "Verlaine used the Virgin as a symbolic emblem. He unconsciously craved the love of his mother since in later life he was divorced by his wife." "We might find the misanthropy of Molière's Le Misanthrope and the cynicism of Thackeray in Vanity Fair each due to the fact that both these men while boys lost their mothers, though later personal tragedies influenced them. Thackeray loved Mrs. Brookfield, a married woman, and Molière was married to a coquette." John Ruskin was an only child and hence a neurotic. "In his actions he was eccentric; he would be invited to lecture on art and would give a talk on economics.....We must always remember he was an only child. In his autobiography, Praeterita, he refers often to his 'papa' and 'mamma.' Alexander Pope, the poet, was also a spoiled child, though he had a half-sister." Renan, Tolstoi, Coleridge, Shelley, Poe, Whitman, Wordsworth are similarly explained, and Mr. Mordell reveals what he supposes to be the full sexual significance of R. L. Stevenson's dreams. The exact erotic reason is supplied why Stendhal became an atheist. There is also the type of suggestion that Swinburne's Felise may refer to a "lost sweetheart." "Some new data may appear to tell us whether the facts of the poem had any basis in reality."

This last sentence hints at Mr. Mordell's most serious limitation. Not only is he a half-baked Freudian but he takes literature without a primary interest in literature for its own sake. To him literature is still a document in the author's ego, chiefly interesting on that account. Hence his lack of imagination and his failure to see the inapplicability of most of his formulas. A very different attitude must be taken before Freudian psychology will help literary criticism. Mr. Mordell's book hands a weapon to those who fear and shrink from Freud.

F. H.

Keeling Letters

Keeling Letters. Edited by E. T. With an Introduction by H. G. Wells. London: Allen and Unwin.

FREDERIC KEELING was a Cambridge Fabian who, after leaving Trinity, where he had a brilliant career, engaged in administrative work in connection with the Labor Exchanges act of 1908. He entered the British army in August, 1914, and was killed in action in August, 1916, being then in his thirtieth year. This volume, to which Mr. Wells has prefixed a provocative introduction, contains the letters written by Keeling during the last decade of his life. The editing has been done most admirably so that the record, as it stands, is at once a comment upon Keeling's personal character and the analysis, by a first-rate intellect, of the way in which social questions were treated in England after the great liberal victory of 1906. There is certainly no volume of English war letters which constitutes so valuable a record.

The man himself is full of fascination. Keeling belonged to that small class of English university men who combine a superb genius for doing particular things with an almost complete absence of any general weltanschauung to explain why they do them. He was probably the best equipped authority in England on juvenile labor exchanges; probably, also, he knew next to nothing of the general juvenile problem. Irritable, egoistic, morbid, generous, with an acute insight into the weaknesses of other people that must have been exasperating to his friends, he was yet an eminently lovable person. Of his high ability there can be no question; anyone who has read his volume on child labor will have realized that Keeling had a genuine instinct for the significance of minute facts which, in very different ways, gives to Mr. Graham Wallas and Mr. Sidney Webb so special a value as investigators. His career was, of course, only just opening at the time of his death; yet even at thirty he was still so baffled by life as to find it all problematic and without the prospect of response; for he lacked that rapid genius which enables Mr. Wells to erect into a philosophy the solution of his personal problems. The value of his life—its personal fullness apart—lies in the fact that he put to himself the difficulties the young Englishman of the last generation was trying to answer and consistently experimented with the possibilities of response. The result, of course, was not in any sense final; but the courage and simplicity of his challenge is full of provocative inspiration.

Keeling seems to have confronted two great problems. He was baffled, in the first place, by sex. He was obviously interested in women in general; and he wanted also to marry (as he did) and have children. But he did not want what he considered the irksome constraint of domestic life. He wanted to be a bachelor unless he felt like visiting his family for the week-end. Accordingly his wife —whose genius for maternity he amply recognized— brought up their two children whom he visited as the mood impelled. Whether the experiment was satisfactory we have too little evidence to decide. We do not know (beyond the fact obviously implied of superb courage) what Mrs. Keeling thought of the experiment. We do know that Keeling was one mass of nerves and restlessness, now in Leeds, now in London, now in the Balkans, thinking one moment of a trip to America and the next of a career in New Zealand, full of ideas about his children and doubtful whether he has the right to indicate his ideas—all of them, it would seem, proof that there was not about him that atmosphere of peace in which alone the kind of work he had chosen can be done. For, after all, a poet can write in the midst of sexual bewilderment; but it seems to require a different environment for the history of industrial regulation. Mr. Wells seems to indicate that Winchester and Cambridge could have solved his sex-difficulties by education. But, after all, is there any formula for sex save individual experience? Keeling, doubtless, came to his knowledge later than a rational educational system would have secured for him. Yet that does not mean that his peculiar temperament would have found rest in what elementary physiological instruction could afford. The experiment he made is interesting but there is no evidence that it succeeded. Nor can we tell if it was justified until we know that his wife had a life with the same opportunity as his for intellectual enrichment. On the surface there appears something not very distinct from the deliberate evasion of responsibilities.

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Keeling's second great problem was the social condition of his time. He started out as an orthodox Fabian Socialist and his admiration of Shaw and Webb was profound enough to inflict upon his son the excruciating name of Bernard Sidney. But, like every administrator, experience of the routine of problems seems to have dulled the fine hardness of his system and, in the background of war, he seems to have ended nearer a Liberal than a Socialist. A Liberal, indeed, he was in that modern interpretation which has annexed the profits of socialism without admitting it. There is singularly little in his comments of Marx and the class-war and economic determinism; mainly interested in state-regulation it is not surprising that he should have seen most problems through the rose-colored glasses of parliamentary action. Mr. Wells expresses surprise that he should have had to grapple with Marx; the latter, he thinks, should be as neatly ticketed and docketed as Owen among the biologists. "There is something oddly helpless," he says, "about this part of the story." Yet even if Marx died, in Mr. Wells's phrase, "quite a number of years ago" it is difficult to see why that releases Keeling from the duty of enquiry. Certainly he was less burdened by Marx than the grappling would suggest; for he has quite a fearsome confidence in education and the results that must follow a well organized training in school civics. Curious, too, is his interest in administrative machinery and his complete absence of any sympathy with the Utopians. And odd streaks of conservatism peep out all over him. He does not know enough about foreign policy to disagree with Sir Edward Grey over Persia; though he insists upon the danger of the French alliance which led to the Persian mistake. He gets very angry over opposition to health insurance from men like Mr. George Lansbury; though he never considers the infinite petty bureaucratic tyrannies against which Mr. Lansbury was trying to safeguard. One splendid note comes through in his hymn to the strikers at Leeds. "God help the strikers if there be a God! In any case, they must help themselves." But he does not seem sufficiently to have appreciated the possibilities implied in that self-helpfulness.

Entrance into the army opened a new epoch in Keeling's life. It seems, without question, to have given him more peace of mind than he had ever before possessed. He refused to take a commission and the note of sincerity in his eager enjoyment of non-commissioned life, his easy chaff for those of his friends who accepted the less stern way, is wholly delightful. What, one imagines, made him accept the army with enthusiasm was the continuous discipline it involved. He was part of a vast machine and, beside its vastness, his own problems could sink into insignificance and be forgotten. He discovered that he was a social as well as a solitary creature and he took instinctive joy in the experience. Not that he stopped thinking. He sees the need for better trained officers in the English army, for the damnation of Northcliffe, a reasonable charity to Germany, and the defeat of trade-war theories. Mr. Arthur Greenwood, in an illuminating appendix, tells us that he grew more conservative as a result of his experience. What, rather, the letters seem to reveal is a growing sense of discipline, a realization that he was inside the universe and not the possessor of it.

It is difficult to read this book and not to be reminded of Mr. Wells's New Machiavelli. In Keeling and Remington there is at each point the same tortured doubt about the fundamental question. For each, sex and the problem of the poor are at the centre of things, and the England of each is the same. And if Remington was captivated by the subtle delights of Mr. Balfour, Keeling found an astounding comfort in the dispassionate solutions of Mr. Winston Churchill. What Keeling would have become had he lived, it is, of course, impossible to determine. One somehow thinks of him as combining not a little of Mr. Webb's infinite patience with a many-sided joy in the sheer ecstasy of life which is matter for the poet rather than the genius of Fabianism. Mr. Greenwood, who knew him well, and had the right, on other counts, to judge, puts him among the first half-dozen minds of his generation. Certainly he belongs to those who would have made life richer by the mere fact of being alive. He belonged to a new race of Englishmen who, inheriting the lesson not less of the errors than of the fruits of T. H. Green and Toynbee, had embarked upon the scientific study of their time without forgetting that the central things of life lie eternally outside the categories of science.

H. J. L.

Kerensky

The Prelude to Bolshevism, by A. F. Kerensky. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

THE story of Bolshevism does not begin in the months immediately preceding the November revolution. There were rudiments of soviet organization, we know, as far back as the Red Sunday in 1905 when the troops of the Tsar shot down the petitioners who had come to the Winter Palace. The story of Bolshevism must trace these beginnings through the period from 1905 to 1914, with attention for the lapse of popular confidence in the Duma, the development of the zemstvos, and the growth of dogmas destined for so sharp a conflict later. It must reveal the picture of that corrupt and dissolute government which dumped military supplies into the Baltic while its generals flung their peasant armies into one offensive after another. It must assess at full value the war weariness that came to the Russians who fought under such a government; examine the indifference of the Allied governments toward the young Russian democracy of March and April, 1917; and finally discuss the means by which the soviet leaders were able in so brief a time to get together the machinery of a government.

Whoever looks in Kerensky's book for this sort of introduction to Soviet Russia will be disappointed. Kerensky does not give the prelude to Bolshevism. He strikes but a few notes in that prelude. His book is devoted exclusively to the "Kornilov Affair." This is the story he tells:

Kornilov was less an aspirant on his own initiative than a reactionary patriot who became the tool of monarchists and bankers. He was won to the idea of a military dictatorship, with himself as dictator, by an intrigue carried on at army headquarters. Plans moved rapidly. Kornilov had been made Commander-in-Chief in July; by the time of the Moscow Conference in August the conspirators were ready for a coup d'état. Kerensky, however, managed to keep a grip on the Moscow Conference—and the coup d'état was postponed. Then, within a week, the fall of Riga and the threat of disorder in Petrograd made it necessary to have more troops in the capital. The provisional government called upon Kornilov for these troops, specifically requesting that he send neither General Krimov nor the Caucasian "Savage Division," known to be unreliable from the government's point of view. Kornilov agreed to this request; then sent both Krimov and the Division.

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Almost simultaneously he dispatched a messenger demanding Kerensky's resignation. Kerensky refused—and appealed to the people. Armed revolt was on. But to last only a few days. Kornilov had no real support. His best backers were the banking-houses. And since banking-houses do not fight, Kornilov was forced to rely upon an army that disintegrated as it marched toward the capital. The revolt was over, Kornilov had misjudged Russia, as the Allied diplomats misjudged it. He found himself in splendid isolation.

No doubt the Kornilov Affair had a certain direct share in preparing the way for Bolshevism. "An adventure of a small group," says Kerensky, "was transformed in the inflamed imagination of the masses to a conspiracy of the whole of the bourgeoisie and all of the upper classes against democracy and the working classes. The Bolsheviki, who up to the 13th of August were unimportant, became masters in the Petrograd Soviet of Workmen's and Soldier's Delegates on the 7th of September, gaining a majority there for the first time during the whole period of the Revolution. The same happened everywhere with lightning rapidity."

There is truth here, certainly; but Kerensky, in his story, never gets below the surface play of politics. It is never with "the masses" and that "inflamed imagination" of theirs that he deals, never with reasons for the "lightning rapidity," but always with the politicians. He has little to say about the weariness of the armies, the impatience of the working people, the apparatus of the soviets or even about his own measures to meet the demand for immediate reforms. Instead there is an abundance of political intricacies—of intrigues, memoranda, telephone conversations, proofs of personal loyalty and disloyalty, charges of duplicity and counter-charges. The Prelude to Bolshevism is a story in which no more than a few hundred words goes to anyone or anything outside the camps of Kerensky and Kornilov themselves. Kerensky saves little space for those mighty forces like hunger, desire for land and a wish for peace that go far beneath the political juggling of one group with another.

Several times in September and October of last year I talked with Kerensky. He was living in London, then. Not as a refugee. He had come to western Europe, he said, "to go surety before the socialist and democratic elements that intervention would not play into the hands of the reaction." It was the Left Centre in Russia that he hoped would "guide" intervention and keep it from becoming an instrument of the monarchists. He had come to Paris and London "to work for immediate intervention on the lines worked out by the Left Centre in agreement with the French diplomats in Moscow."

He had found the governments of England and France ready enough for intervention. But he had found that there was less interest in democratic safeguards. Pichon, indeed, gave him certain general watchwords, about "whole-hearted" support, and unwillingness to support "monarchist tendencies." But it was patient enough, in October of last year, that the one distinct success of intervention was its ability to play into the hands of the reactionaries—into the hands of Alexeiev and Kolchak and the other leaders who stood not in the Left Centre, but in the spot left vacant by Kornilov. Kerensky, despite that fact, clung to the idea of intervention. He still believed, last October, that it was possible to "guide" military intervention into democratic channels.

It is easier to see why, now that I have read The Prelude to Bolshevism. All along, I think, Kerensky counted too heavily on "politics," too lightly on men's wants and yearnings. He was a Fabian, a man of genuine democratic purpose. He did not believe, as observers like Mr. Francis seem to have believed, that the people of Russia preferred the Tsar to freedom. But neither did he measure the impatience of their demands. His was an indoor view, not from the salon, but from the Executive Mansion. He thought it too simple a task to hold the allegiance of many men and women, regardless of hunger or weariness, impatience or the light of a great hope. C. M.

An Irish Glen

Glenmornan, by Patrick MacGill. New York: George H. Doran Company.

IN the eyes of Patrick MacGill the tragedy of Ireland is the result of a vicious combination of hierarchies—the priest and the gombeen man working hand in hand, each dependent on the other, and with faces set in eternal obstinacy against every sort of civil or religious freedom. When youth flares up spontaneously against the ancient tyrannies, or when the young men come back from abroad with fearless ways and new concepts, the machinery of church and state is set in motion to crush and re-enslave. The island is left to the women and the weaklings. It has been left so long thus that the weaklings have made a virtue of submission, have organized it into a social code; an implacable intolerance directs itself at those who will not speak well of the priest and the gombeen man.

Ostensibly Glenmornan is a novel with a young London journalist as hero, in reality it is a loving study of the life in a small farming community in Ireland. The story is told easily and gracefully but it is always subdued to the movement of life in the glen. Doalty Gallagher, returned from England and a success in journalism that had seemed to be leading him into deeper and deeper waters of futility, is real enough, but he is not distinctive. The color and interest of the book are lent by the thoughtless peasant existence to which he has come back; by his mother, Maura the Rosses; by the fiddler of eighty. Oiney Leahy, who created his little farm by carrying it up the hillside a creel-load at a time, only to find his rent raised to meet the improvement; by Dennys the Drover, stalwart of frame and independent of mind, who finds beliefs and customs in the glen too cramped for his ambition, and leaves with hardly a farewell; by Sheila Dermod and Eileen Kelly, who would have married Dennys and Doalty had they stayed, but sink in the end to marriage with Owen Briney, the miser, and the gat-toothed Micky Neddy, who are left behind. The end of Doalty Gallagher's experiment is simple. He can accept the hard labor and poverty of his mother's home with a feeling of relief. But he cannot accept its superstitions. He rebukes the avaricious priest to his face, and is "read from the altar." The community turns against him as one man, even Sheila, even his brother, his mother. Only Dennys has caught a glimpse of life as it might be lived elsewhere, and goes with him back to London.

There can be no doubt that an Ireland sophisticated, freed from the credulous fears that have made her an easy prey for the unscrupulous, would hold less charm for the tourist, less material for the artist than the Ireland of Lady Gregory's little plays. In Glenmornan our sympathies are with Doalty, but his untutored mother is a more poetic and moving figure. With the advent of books and news-

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I am desirous to associate myself with any educational or social welfare institution in one of the following functions: Translator, Research Work, Writer, Clerical or in any other intelligent capacity. I am a regular contributor to a number of liberal publications, possess a fundamental knowledge of the following languages: English, Russian, German, Polish and Yiddish; am well versed in the social sciences of Economics, Sociology, Psychology and Philosophy. Will be glad to commence with a moderate salary if advancement is prospective. Write to MR. M. ALTSCHULER, 2321 Southern Boulevard, Bronx, N. Y.

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papers "the talk" is disappearing. With the introduction of commercial method the market-days, the wakes, the bonfire dances will vanish, or melt down into indistinguishable cosmopolitan activities. The moving picture will arrive to substitute sensation for expression. These things will be regrettable from the standpoint of the outsider, but it is certain that we cannot put Ireland under glass in the museum of historical reminiscence. It does not satisfy hunger to be picturesque.

Mr. MacGill has definitely chosen the new Ireland, but if the old ways were not full of glamour for him he could not have written so sensitively of them in Glenmornan. And if it seemed to him that the people could free themselves he would be unwilling to import alien standards that must destroy the old culture even while they emancipate. Probably the nation will drink commercial civilization to the dregs, and much beauty will run to waste. But the price of the old ways was poverty cruel as disease, and darkness wherein hawkers might ply with impunity their trade in substitute for light. M. A.

Industry and Humanity, by W. L. Mackenzie King. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

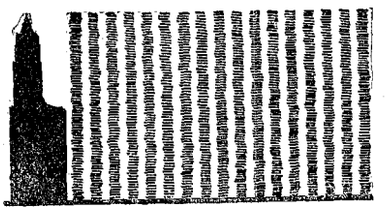
MR. MACKENZIE KING'S ideas on the bettering of industrial relations are unquestionably entitled to a thoughtful hearing. His conclusions grow out of twenty years of successful work as an arbitrator and administrator of labor affairs and it is perhaps natural that they are typically the conclusions of one successfully engaged as a professional conciliator and accommodator among warring factions. Mr. King says incidentally many penetrating and true things regarding the principles underlying industrial reconstruction. Yet one finishes the five hundred pages of his book with no clear, cogent and compelling motive or method apprehended. This is due in part to a bad organization of material, in part to a rather casual method of thought. True, he concludes by adopting the idea of National Industrial Councils. He believes in "adequate representation of all the parties." He finds that "the principles which underlie work are founded upon a recognition of personality." But no question is raised as to who the parties to industry ought to be; no clue is given as to a valid criterion when the claims of labor and capital come to real issue. The rather pale and unsatisfactory upshot of the discussion is found on the last page where it is written: "Let Labor and Capital unite under the ideal of social service."

Contributors

WILLIAM HARD, a regular contributor to these columns.

FRED B. JOHNSON, a lawyer in civil life, who served during the war in the office of the Judge Advocate General's department at Washington. He is now a member of the Public Service Commission of Indiana.

GERARD C. HENDERSON, a Harvard graduate, formerly connected with the Federal Trade Commission and associated during the war with the United States Shipping Board. He has made a special investigation of railroad problems.



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